

The Ypsilantian

EIGHTH YEAR.

YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1887.

NUMBER 392.

Buy Your Groceries

GRAVES.

THE LIVE GROCER.

Low Prices, Best Goods.

STEPHENSON.

The Photographer.

of Ypsilanti and vicinity, wishes to inform the public in general that he has secured the service of

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of Detroit, as operator and general assistant. Mr. Butler, having had a large experience in the business, is enabled to do first-class work. Don't take my word for it but call and be convinced.

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PRINCIPAL.

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Orders for cream for socials, parties, picnics or for private consumption promptly filled.

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CHRONIC DISEASES A SPECIALTY!

Dr. A. B. SPINNEY,

Medical Superintendent of the Ypsilanti Sanitarium, has opened an office on the ground floor of the Sanitarium, where he is prepared to examine and treat all forms of Chronic Diseases. Special attention will be given to the treatment of

CATARRH, THROAT, LUNG, AND EYE AND EAR DISEASES.

Persons suffering from diseased vision and unable to find glasses can have their eyes examined and glasses made to order. Dr. Spinney has been 15 years in active general practice, also 12 years in the treatment of Chronic Diseases. Office hours: 10 to 12 A. M., and 2 to 4 P. M.

The Ypsilantian.

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SUMMER NIGHT CONCERT.—At the Opera House, Friday evening of next week, July 15, will be given a concert under the auspices of St. Luke's Chapel Guild, which will be participated in by the best amateur and professional talent of Ypsilanti, vocal and instrumental. It will be a musical reunion of the artists of this city who are spending the summer vacation here and in this vicinity. Reserved seats will be on sale at Dodge's jewelry store. Further particulars will be given next week.

THE ANNUAL AUGUST RACES.—August 2, 3, 4 and 5, Tuesday to Friday, inclusive, are the dates fixed for the third annual meeting of the Ypsilanti Horse Association. Jackson and Marshall are the other cities of the circuit, and meetings will be held in these cities in the two weeks following the races here. Ypsilanti being fortunate in securing the first meeting. The association here is connected with the American Trotting Association, of which D. J. Campau of Detroit, was the principal organizer, and which now has a list of 180 associations under its auspices. The officers of the Ypsilanti Association are, President, Joe Sanders; R. W. Hemphill, Treasurer; C. L. Yost, Secretary.

THE COUNCIL'S DECISION.—The electric light matter has been settled at last, so far as the City Council is concerned, a vote of nine to one, last Tuesday evening, giving the contract to the Jenny Electric Light Co. of Indianapolis. Ald. Deubel and Foerster were in favor of accepting the bid of the Western Electric Light Co. of Chicago. There were two bids lower than that of the Jenny Company, which was \$10,875—the Western Company's bid being \$9,400, and the Port Wayne Company's, \$9,600. The contract with the Jenny Company will call for five towers, besides the fifty arm lights. A remonstrance against any immediate action in the electric light matter, signed by fifty-nine citizens, was laid on the table.

THE BICYCLERS ARE COMING.—Ypsilanti will be invaded by the Michigan Division of Bicyclers to-morrow (Friday) afternoon, this city being in the line of the twenty-eight mile run, from Ann Arbor by way of Saline. The Division holds its first day's session, Friday, in Ann Arbor and the next day goes to Detroit, starting from Ann Arbor about seven o'clock Saturday morning. The trick riding of the first day, to occur at 3:10 in the afternoon, will probably take place in this city. A large number of wheelmen are expected to attend the meet, and the entire gang will probably accompany their representative runners. Three wheelmen from each club will participate in the races to and from this city.

A MOOREVILLE MAN'S MISFORTUNE.—Verne Bruner of Mooreville was in the city last Friday, and thereby hangs a tale. Bruner loves to talk horse, and, like most horsemen, he has a very high opinion of his own judgment in the matter of horses, and a poor opinion of the judgment of others. His principal topic of conversation Friday last was a phenomenal 3-year-old trotter owned near Mooreville, which he was positive could trot a mile in three minutes. An Ypsilanti horseman suggested that Verne might be mistaken in the speed of the colt, and the result of the suggestion was a wager of \$50, the bet to be decided by a trial of the speed of the colt near Lake Ridge, forthwith. Four Ypsilanti horsemen accompanied Bruner to Mooreville, and after arriving there it was learned that the proposed trial of speed could not take place—the wonderful colt could not be secured, for some reason. The full amount of money represented in the wager, had been placed in the hands of a stakeholder and the stipulations were such that it was paid to the Ypsilanti man, upon Bruner's failure to produce the colt. Bruner was sorry, and said so, and said more; but the Ypsilanti men kept the stakes.

The largest and most enthusiastic and business-like meeting of the Ypsilanti Citizens' Association yet held was that at the First National Bank last Tuesday evening. About thirty prominent and active business and professional men were present, and the interest manifested was such as to indicate a willingness and desire to work together for the good of the city, such as has not heretofore been manifested.

Mr. J. L. Francis received a telegram from Hornellsville, N. Y., last Sunday, informing her of the death of her father, who had been accidentally killed, the exact manner of his death not being stated in the telegram.

The Day We Celebrate.
A Harmless Observance in Ypsilanti, but the Usual Horrible Harvest of Deaths, Accidents and Property Destruction Throughout the Country.

The peculiar form of celebration which in the present day and generation especially attaches itself to the fourth of July, shooting fire crackers, sending up sky rockets and balloons, and utilizing everything in the way of explosives that the ingenuity of men has been able to provide, has been spasmodically indulged in during the past week in this city, and culminated Monday, in a roar and a bang and fizz from daylight until midnight.

The enterprise and liberality of the eastside merchants and business men provided a very creditable display of fireworks for the depot section of the city Saturday night, which was witnessed by hundreds of people from all sections of the city and country, but aside from that the celebration here was entirely a matter of private enterprise and personal choice.

The Fourth was generally observed as a day of rest by those who remained in the city, but little business being done except by the restaurants and dealers in fireworks. The base ball games at Detroit drew all the lovers of the national game, from this city and the various other attraction in Detroit and elsewhere, together with society picnics and private pleasure parties, reduced the population of the town to about one-third its usual proportions.

No accidents of a serious nature occurred here during the day. A picnic under the auspices of the Sons of Temperance was held in Arnold's woods, and another near the residence of Mr. Chas. Howlett, south of the city, both of which were attended for the greater part by Ypsilantians.

The harvest of accidents and loss of life and property brought about directly and indirectly through the American method of rejoicing over their long-ago asserted independence, was unusually large this year. In Detroit the list of accidents was fair to medium, several hands and fingers being shot off, but up to the present time no death has been announced.

Two young men, Carl Snedcor and Robert Reed were killed at Ithaca, Mich., through the bursting of a bundle of fire-rockets. Four other persons were more or less injured.

Elisha Meacham was killed at Columbus, Ohio, while marching in a Knight of Labor parade, through the bursting of a cannon made of gas pipe.

Four young men and three small boys were fatally injured at Chicago, by a premature explosion, and the list of toy pistol accidents was larger than ever before, many of which will probably prove fatal in time. Forty alarms of fire were reported from 9 a. m. to midnight.

Four men were seriously injured at Watertown, N. J., by the accidental explosion of fireworks which had been collected for a grand display.

The town of Clarendon, Pa., was entirely destroyed by fire, and one man cremated, through a blaze originating from the careless use of fireworks. The immense oil tanks built near the town were fired, and their bursting caused the lowlands of the vicinity to be covered with liquid fire. The property loss will reach \$500,000.

A malt house was burned at Cincinnati, causing the death of two men, and a loss of \$100,000. The falling of a blazing sky-rocket in the tower of the building caused the fire.

The largest coopers establishment in the west was burned at St. Louis, by fireworks, the loss being not less than \$100,000.

A boy, named Joseph Gibbons, whose home is in Charlotte had his left leg blown off, below the knee, by the bursting of an anvil at Portland, Mich.

The ten-year old son of John Witbeck of Jackson, Mich., was shot through the abdomen, by a toy cannon. It is expected that he will die.

The bursting of a cannon at Gratiot killed a Mr. Mills and severely injured several others.

At North Branch, this state, a grand stand gave way, precipitating about 200 people to the ground, fatally injuring two women.

We could fill another column with "incidents" of the "day we celebrate," but have given a report sufficiently full to show that the spirit of patriotism is not dying out. The dead will be buried, the wounded cared for, burned buildings replaced, and when in the course of time another Fourth of July comes along, it will be greeted with a whoop and a yell, the booming of cannon and the flying of flags, and take its departure accompanied by walls of distress for the dead it will leave behind, means of anguish from the wounded and life-long cripples it will create, and general regret for the afflictions of the few and the great property losses sustained. Intelligent and progressive people, we, Christianized, highly civilized, and all that; but we sincerely hope the benighted heathen on the other side of the globe may not learn of our peculiar manner of celebrating an event supposed to bring gladness. They might not treat our missionaries, whom we send to instruct and civilize them, with that degree of respect and reverence due to the representatives of a superior and enlightened people.

The union services will be held at the Presbyterian church next Sunday evening, the sermon to be delivered by the Rev. Mr. Fairfield.

Personal.
Mrs. N. Higley is visiting at St. Clair.
Durand Springer spent the Fourth in Manchester.

Miss Avonia Damon spent the Fourth with friends at Chasaning.
Miss Rena Bowling returned Saturday from a two weeks visit at Columbus, Ohio.

C. Cornwell and family are enjoying their annual summer sojourn at Martha's Vineyard.

Angus McFarlane, of the Michigan Central, is now enjoying a two-week's vacation with his family here.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Forbes and little boy spent the Fourth with the former's parents in Detroit.

Mrs. Fritz Gleim, formerly Miss Mollie Bassett, of Johnstown, Pa., is visiting her parents and many friends here.

Eddie Bogardus, now of Chicago, spent the Fourth here, visiting his mother and large circle of friends.

Mrs. John Taylor left for Cleveland Thursday last, where she will remain during the present month, visiting her sister.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Bowling, of Chicago, spent several days of the past week here, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Bowling.

Mr. Walter Williams of Salina, Kansas, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Williams, is visiting home and friends this week.

Miss Isadore Thompson of East Saginaw spent several days of the past week here, the guest of her friend, Miss Susie Lamb.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Champion spent the Fourth with relatives and friends in Detroit.

Fred C. Andrews and wife, of Detroit, spent the Fourth here, with Mrs. Andrews' parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Bowling.

Mr. and Mrs. N. F. Ayers, of Mill street, are delighted over the addition of a bright baby boy to their family.

Bert Cornwell returned last week from a visit to St. Paul, Minneapolis and other western and northwestern cities.

Luther Mason of this city was married, Tuesday evening of last week, to Miss Lydia Hood, of Plymouth, at the residence of the bride's parents.

Misses Lucy and Dolly Boutelle, of Detroit, and Miss Anna E. Fehlig, of Belleville, are the guests of Miss Emma Schrader.

We are indebted to our absent friend, William Lambie, for some sprays of hawthorn leaves and blossoms from the banks of the bonnie Doon.

Miss Jennie Moore, of the Bazerette, spent the greater part of last week in Manchester, visiting friends and relations and attending the annual reunion of the Manchester high school alumni.

Miss Amy Stebbins and Mr. Leslie Metcalf of Cleveland spent the Fourth in this city, the guests of their cousin, Miss Cornie Howland.

Prof. Strong of the Normal delivered an address before the graduating class of the Caro high school, Friday evening of last week, his topic being, "Some Elements of a Rational Education."

Miss Bertha E. Draper, who has been teaching in the Torrey district, near Oakville, is spending her vacation here with her parents. She has accepted the same school for another term.

James Smith of Brainerd, Minn., a conductor on the Northern Pacific railroad, and his brothers, William and George Smith, all former Ypsilantians, have been visiting here during the past week.

Charles Moore, of the Detroit Journal, formerly publisher of the Commercial of this city, was a caller at our office Saturday last. Charley is an ambitious journalist and is already far advanced in the line of his ambitions.

The Rev. M. W. Fairfield has been attending a family reunion at Troy, O., during the past week. His pulpit, last Sunday morning, was filled by Mr. E. S. Shaw, who read an excellent sermon.

Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Vail and family spent Sunday and the Fourth with relatives in Detroit. Mr. Vail returned home Tuesday, Mrs. Vail and the children remaining in the metropolis.

Hon. E. P. Allen was in Adrian Saturday, acting as a member of a G. A. R. committee to make arrangements for the encampment to be held there next month, under the auspices of the Southeastern G. A. R. Association.

A married daughter of Rev. G. L. Foster, who was pastor of the Presbyterian church of this city many years ago, formerly known here as Miss Sarah Foster, is visiting with Prof. and Mrs. Barbour.

Mr. Henry O'Connor and Miss Louise Egnoff were married at St. John's church this morning. The bride and groom are both well-known and popular in this city, and the wishes for their happiness and prosperity are as general as is their acquaintance.

The official inspection of Company H. last Saturday afternoon and evening, by Inspector General Newberry, passed off successfully, to the satisfaction of the Inspector and the relief of Capt. Hyzer and his boys. The state encampment commences August 3.

Prof. J. C. McClenahan of Columbus, has accepted the position of Principal of the commercial department of Cleary's Business College. Prof. McClenahan is a noted instructor and is a valuable addition to the Business College faculty.

Miss Ellen Foster, daughter of Mrs. John Foster of Clarenceville, P. Q.,

formerly of Ypsilanti, is here for a two weeks' visit, the guest of her sister, Mrs. Dr. Post. Miss Ellen has been a teacher in the schools of Sioux City, Iowa, during the past four years, and will occupy the same position next year.

Mr. J. E. Beal, of the Ann Arbor Courier, an enthusiastic bicyclist and a genial gentleman generally, was in town Tuesday looking over the race-track of the Michigan bicyclists, whose meet is elsewhere referred to. The team race, Mr. Beal informed us, from Ypsilanti to Ann Arbor, would be started from in front of the Hawkins House.

An item of information, somewhat belated perhaps, but that will none the less be received with pleasure by the many friends here of the parties most concerned, is that of the marriage of Mr. Richard W. Guise and Miss Edie Chamberlain, which occurred at Brooklyn, N. Y., in September last. Mr. and Mrs. Guise are both members of the Carleton Opera Company and are spending their summer vacation in this city and Detroit.

Mayor Cornwell and wife left for Martha's Vineyard, Monday last, where they will make as extended a visit as the active, restless spirit of our industrious Mayor will permit him to enjoy.

A party from Ypsilanti consisting of Chas. E. Samson and family, with their guests, Edith Fleming, Belle Place, Minnie Samson, Alice Cook, James Gifford and Henry Samson, are having a jolly time at Devils Lake.

At the residence of the bride's father, Mr. John Boyce, on Washington street, Tuesday last, July 5, occurred the marriage of Mr. W. H. Webster to Miss Priscilla V. Boyce, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Dr. McCorkle.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. B. Still have been advanced to the rank of grandparents, a bright little baby having been born to their daughter and son-in-law of Detroit, one day last week.

Mere Mention.
Prof. Pease was elected President of the State Music Teacher's Association for another year, at the Jackson meeting which adjourned last Friday.

The next meeting will be held at Kalamazoo.

There will be a meeting of the Knights of Maccabees for the election of officers, Wednesday evening, July 13. All members whose lives are fully insured are ordered to report for the demands of the occasion.

The game of base ball played at the fair grounds last Saturday afternoon, between the Ypsilanti and Belleville clubs, resulted in a victory for the latter club, the score standing 12 to 10 in their favor.

Among the deputy oil inspectors recently appointed by Mr. Platt, the new State Inspector, is Robert Pelham of Detroit, an intelligent young colored man, editor of the Plaindealer, the organ of the colored people of Michigan.

The summer theatrical season will be opened at the Opera House Tuesday evening of next week, July 12, when a grand spectacular play, combined with bright comedy, will be presented.

A full-stocked well kept grocery store is as attractive to a man as a millinery store is to a woman, and that is why Graves' grocery is so well patronized by both sexes. Graves is always up with the season in luxuries and fruits, keeps the best of everything in the way of groceries, and his prices are always at the bottom.

The annual farmers' picnic at Whitmore Lake will be held August 20 this year, and the principal address of the occasion will be delivered by Gov. Luce. A special invitation is extended to Ann Arbor people, and every effort will be made to protect them from harm and impertinence. Coals of fire, you see.

Owing to their largely increased business in the east, the Ypsilanti Dress Stay Company have established an eastern depot in New York and their goods will in the future be distributed throughout the eastern states from that point. They have also increased their force of employees at the factory here, and are now giving employment to 115 girls.

A straggler from some Salvation Army corps mounted a box on the corner of Congress and Huron streets, last Saturday evening, and exhorted the throng that gathered round him to seek salvation. He had an intelligent appearing face, and endured the abuse and insolence of some drunken rowdies of the crowd with the forbearance of a martyr.

The Michigan Central railroad authorities have finally backed down, and will hereafter sell traveling men and manufacturers whose business keeps them on the road most of the time, 1,000-mile tickets for \$20. The Central's very transparent pretence that the interstate law prevented them from making such a reduction to traveling men was an illustration of railroad avarice that was unworthy of Mr. Ledyard and his high-toned associates.

The ninetieth birthday anniversary of Mrs. Amanda Judd, was celebrated last Saturday at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. S. S. Clark, on Congress street. Mrs. Judd was born in New York and has been a resident of Ypsilanti for twenty-seven years. A large number of the friends and relatives of Mrs. Judd assisted in making the anniversary a pleasant one, among those present being three daughters of Mrs. Judd, four granddaughters and four great-granddaughters—an unusual representation in the female line.

The Harvest of Death.

Communicated.
LAMBERT A. BARNES.

When the message flashed over the wire last Thursday afternoon that Mr. Lambert A. Barnes had passed suddenly away, at the Detroit Sanitarium, it seemed incredible. And even now after having borne him to the cemetery and laid him away it is impossible to realize that we shall neither see him again, hear his cheery voice, nor feel the warm clasp of his hand. While the friends have a certain shrinking from laying bare in any eulogy the private life and tender memories which are sacred, or of applauding his public activities, yet it seems fitting that certain respect should be shown the memory of a man who held so high a position and was so identified with people at large, and also that those who have known him and learned to love, admire and respect him, and who were so deeply shocked at his death, should give some expression to their feelings.

He had been suffering from trouble with his left lower jaw for some time, and, following the advice of Dr. McLean, went to Detroit June 18 and submitted to the removal of a part of the bone. No serious trouble was anticipated, and up to Wednesday night his relatives had no other expectation than his speedy recovery. On Wednesday night, however, symptoms which had hinted of pyæmia made alarming development, and Thursday morning Mr. Barnes became unconscious, continuing so until his death.

Mr. Barnes was born in Connecticut in 1826 and lived there with his parents, enjoying the privileges of a village school during the earlier days of his boyhood, until he moved with his parents to Catskill-on-Hudson, where he resided until early manhood. His first business life was spent at Huntington and Chickpea, Mass. In 1855 or 1859 he came to Michigan as overseer of a new paper mill which had been recently erected by Chapin & Wood, at Geddesburg, and while employed there, met Miss Jane Geddes, whom he married three or four years subsequent to his arrival. After three years of active life at Geddesburg, Mr. Barnes established a paper store at 113 Jefferson avenue, and carried on business there under the firm name of Cornwell & Barnes until the close of the war, when he took up his residence in this city, removing from the Geddes farm where he had resided during his Detroit venture, and became president and heavy stockholder in the Peninsular paper company, which operated a mill built here in '62 and built a new one at the time of his coming. Since then he has continued in the same office.

Mr. Barnes has been a public-spirited man all his life and a person of keen sympathy with the distressed. He has held various municipal trusts, being three times mayor of Ypsilanti, and at the time of his death a member of the Presbyterian church, President of the Board of Education and Vice-president of the First National bank.

To those who stand upon the brink of the grave and watch the form of their beloved lowered quietly to its silent resting place, amidst the depth of grief, and though the heart be breaking with its burden of sorrow, it is a sweet consolation to know that there is left behind no tarnished name, no remembrance of clouded character, no hoping against hope, but only memories of loving unselfishness, unquestioned uprightness, purity and nobility of character, "a good name," too precious to be valued—and above all, the bright hope that as he passed lightly "through the valley of the shadow of death" and was ushered into the presence of his Redeemer, he leaned upon "the rod and the staff" of the Eternal One who "comforted him," and that he dwells in that presence "to go no more out forever."

WORGER GEORGE.
Worger George, a resident of this city for more than twenty years, a member of the city council from the fourth ward for two years, vestryman of St. Luke's church for several years, and a man prominent and active in other associations and business matters, died at his residence on River street, last Friday afternoon, July 1. Mr. George was born at Westerham, Kent, England, and was 47 years of age. He was an affectionate husband, a kind father, and his last parting from those who loved him and whom he loved, was a sad but not hopeless one. He had many friends outside his family in this, his long-time home, who sincerely mourn his death.

The funeral of Mr. William R. Post, whose death was announced last week, occurred at St. Luke's church, Saturday evening, Bishop Harris officiating. Mr. Post had been a resident of this city since 1853, and was respected and esteemed by all who knew him.

Died, in Augusta, July 3d, of scarlet fever, Emma L., youngest child of J. K. and E. A. Campbell in the third year of her age.

Across the churchyard's hallowed ground,
Holding my darling's hand, I trod,
On every side some little mound
Told of young souls called home to God.
I clasped my child with sudden fear,
And thought, what empty arms must ache,
What eyes grow dim with bitter tears,
Above their graves for love's dear sake.
Divinely, then, it seemed to me,
With lifted face serene and fair,
She said, "How lovely Heaven must be,
With all those little children there."

Miss Clara Dole is visiting with relatives and friends at Napoleon, Mich.
Mr. W. H. Davenport of Saline was a visitor in the city to-day.

THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1887.

Don'ts for the Sick Room.

Don't appear anxious, however great your anxiety. Assume a cheerful expression, and get off an old joke about the patient being a great liar, or some other antediluvian humor. Such things have a tendency to arouse a patient from thoughts of his condition if anything will.

Don't let stale flowers remain in a sick chamber. The air of a sick room is bad for plants, and if they are given fresh water and pure air they may revive.

Don't jar the bed by leaning or sitting upon it. If you want to jar the bed a kick or thump is more effective.

Don't let the patient know that you are watching him. Go to sleep and snore and he will be sure to keep awake and watch the clock for medicine time.

Don't have the sick-room temperature over 60 degrees. If you should remark that you were preparing the patient for the immediate future, it might make him nervous. Sick people are not apt to appreciate a joke.

Don't neglect during the day to attend to necessities for the night. See to it that a good substantial lunch is prepared, and a reasonable amount of drinkables are on hand. The sick always get along better when the nurse is well cared for.

Don't ask a convalescent if he would like this or that to eat or drink, but prepare the delicacies and present them in a tempting way. To fasten a delicacy on the end of a string and let it dangle in front of the patient's nose is very effective, and then to jock it away when he reaches for it causes much amusement and relieves the monotony of the sick-room.

Don't be unkindly of yourself if you are in the responsible position of nurse. Take care that you get your proper amount of sleep, and let the patient wake you if you oversleep yourself. Sick people are naturally wakeful, and even if the patient did doze off and miss the medicine hour it would be better than to break down the nurse's health and thus make two invalids instead of one.

Don't give the patient a full glass of water to drink. If he is very thirsty, alleviate the thirst by telling him that there is more in the reservoir.

Don't allow the patient to get low spirited. Tickle him under the nose, punch him in the short ribs with your thumb, or do something else of a convivial character to enliven the sick man and keep him in bright humor. And finally,

Don't pay attention to all the fool advice you read in the papers.—Judge.

"Ben Hur."

Thomas M. Nichol, of New York, writing to the Louisville Courier-Journal says: I have just happened to read your grateful and merited tribute to General Lew Wallace and the famous book "Ben Hur." Indulge me in a bit of the queer history that may have had an influence in making the fame of a book and the fortune of an author. A few days after General Garfield was inaugurated president, I was taken sick, and while confined in my room in the Ebbitt House at Washington, wanting something to read, I sent to Mrs. Tyner's room and asked her to lend me something to read. She sent me a number of books, among them "Ben Hur." When I got able to be out I was up at a dinner. President Garfield asked me while we were dining how I had read, and among them "Ben Hur." "Tell me about 'Ben Hur,'" said he, "does it amount to anything—is it worth reading?"

I assured him it was. "Tell me why," he persisted; "what makes it worth reading?" I answered, "It is a pure invention, it's good invention; and it's anything like a correct picture of the times, people and incidents it deals with, and the result of study, it's equally good from that standpoint, and I added, the fellow who wrote 'Ben Hur' ought not to be sent to South America—if you want to send him anywhere send him to Jerusalem or Egypt or Turkey, where he can have a chance to see and study orientalisms, or the traditions of it where it has been.

He said to one of the little boys: "Try, you go to the hotel with Mr. Nichol and he will give you a book; bring it to me." Two days after I saw him again; he said he had read "Ben Hur" "at two pulls" after going to bed the two previous nights. Lew Wallace had been nominated to go to Uruguay. He immediately recalled the nomination, and returned the name for Minister to Constantinople, and at the same time wrote Lew Wallace a very complimentary letter on "Ben Hur," which has since been effectively used by the publishers as an advertisement. I am told that it is now the most popular selling book on Harper's list, and by several librarians the oftentimes inquired for book in the library.

These little accidental incidents will continue for many years to keep up an interest in the book, and would do so none the less without being thus definitely told, but the striking thing is the illustration of the minute literary tastes of the man who, harassed with cares as General Garfield then was, would snatch the time from sleep to read a book the size of "Ben Hur" in two nights. If the book proves that General Wallace ought never to have been a general, this incident proves that President Garfield ought never to have been a President.

It is easier for a young man to become a great base-ball player than to be elected President of the United States, and, besides, the former position pays about as well, all things considered, and he has a great deal more fun in it and quite as much honor.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"A Transcription of Bonnie Doon," said Mary, reading from the title of her latest piece of music. "What is a transcription, papa?" "A transcription, my dear," replied papa, "is a composition in which the tune is lost in the process of spoiling the music."—London Transcript.

"My dear, if you don't quit annoying me, I—I shall really have to move to Mexico," said a Washington man to his wife the other day. "What good would that do, I'd like to know?" "There is a law there compelling males, and males only, to wear pantaloons."—Washington Critic.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Hunting as an Illustration of the Truths of the Gospel.

Text:—He was a mighty Hunter before the Lord—[Genesis, x, 9.]

He said: In our day, hunting is a sport; but in the lands and the times invested with wild beasts, it was a matter of life and death with the people. It was very different from going out on a sunny afternoon with a patent breech-loader, to shoot redbirds on the flats, when Pollux and Achilles and Diomedes went out to clear the land of lions and tigers and bears. My text sets forth Nimrod as a hero, when it presents him with broad shoulders, and shaggy apparel and sun-browned face, and arm bunched with muscle—"a mighty hunter before the Lord."

I think he used the bow and the arrow with great success practicing archery.

I have thought if it is such a grand thing and such a brave thing to clear wild beasts out of a country, if it is not a better and a braver thing to hunt down and destroy those great evils of society that are stalking the land with fierce eye and bloody paw, and sharp tusk and quick spring. I have wondered if there is not such a thing as gospel hunting, by those who have been flying from the truth may be captured for God and heaven.

Again, if you want to be skillful in spiritual hunting you must hunt in unfrequented and secluded places. Why does the hunter go three or four days in the Pennsylvania forests or over Raquette Lake into the wilds of the Adirondacks? It is the only way to do. The deer are shy, and one "bang" of the gun clears the forest. From the California stage you see as you go over the plains, here and there a coyote trotting along, almost within range of the gun—sometimes quite within range of it. No one cares for that; it is worthless. The good game is hidden and secluded. Every hunter knows that.

So, many of the souls that will be of most worth for Christ, and of most value to the Church, are secluded. They do not come in your way. You will have to go where they are. You der they are down in that cellar, wonder they are up in that garret. Far away from the door of any church the gospel arrow has not been pointed at them. The tract distributor and the city missionary sometimes just catch a glimpse of them as a hunter through the trees gets a momentary sight of a partridge or a roebuck.

The trouble is we are waiting for the game to come to us. We are not good hunters. We are standing in Schermerhorn street, expecting that the timid antelope will come up and eat out of our hand. We are expecting that the prairie fowl will light on our church steeple. It is not their habit. If the Church should wait 10,000,000 of years for the world to come in and be saved, it will wait in vain. The world will not come.

What the Church wants now is to lift their feet from damask ottomans and put them in the stirrups. We want a pulpit on wheels. The Church wants not so much cushions as it wants saddle-bags and arrows. We have got to put aside the gown and the kid gloves and put on the hunting stirrups. We have been fishing so long in the Brooks that we are under the shadow of the Church that the fish know us, and they avoid the hook and escape as soon as we come to the bank, while yonder is Upper Saranac and Big Tupper's Lake, where the first swing of the gospel net would break it for the multitude of fishes.

There is outside work to be done. What is that I see in the backwoods? It is a tent. The hunters have made a clearing and camped out. What do they care if they have wet feet, or have nothing but a pine branch for a pillow, or for the northeast storm? If a mouse in the darkness steps into the lake to drink they hear it, right away. If a loon cry in the midnight they hear it. So in the service of God we have exposed work. We have got to camp out and rough it. We are putting all our care on the 70,000 people of Brooklyn, who, they say, come to church. What are we doing for the 700,000 that do not come? Have they no souls? Are they sinless that they need no pardon? Are there no dead in their houses that they need no comfort? Are they cut off from God, to go into eternity—no wing to bear them, no light to cheer them, no welcome to greet them?

I hear to-day singing up from the lower depths of Brooklyn a groan that comes through our Christian assemblies and through our Christian churches; and it blots out all this scene from my eyes to-day, as by the mists of a great Niagara, for the dash and the plunge of these great torrents of life dripping down into the fathomless and thundering abysses of suffering and woe. I sometimes think that just as God blotted out the Church of Thyatira and Corinth and Laodicea, because of their sloth and stolidity, he will blot out American and English Christianity, and raise on the ruins a stalwart, wide-awake, missionary Church, that can take the full meaning of that command.

Go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned. I remark, further, if you want to succeed in gospel hunting you must have courage. If the hunter stand with trembling hand or shoulder that flinches with fear, instead of his taking the catamount, the catamount takes him. What would become of the Greenlander if, when out hunting for the bear, he should stand shivering with terror on an iceberg? What would have become of DuChaillet and Livingston in the African thicket with a faint heart and a weak knee? When a panther comes within twenty paces of you, and it has its eye on you, and it has squatted for the fearful spring: "Steady there."

Courage, O ye spiritual hunters! There are great monsters of iniquity prowling all around about the community. Shall we not, in the strength of God, go forth and combat them? We not only need more heart, but more backbone. What is the Church that it should not fear to look in the eye any transgression? There is the Bengal tiger of drunkenness that prowls around, and instead of attacking it, how many of us hide under the church pew or the communion

table! There is so much invested in it we are afraid to assault it—millions of dollars in barrels, in vats, in spigots, in corkscrews, in gin palaces with marble floors and Italian top tables and chased ice-coolers; and in the strychnine, and the logwood, and the tartaric acid, and the nux vomica, that go to make up our "pure" American drinks. I looked with wondering eyes on the "Heidelberg tun." It is the great liquor vat of Germany, which is said to hold 800 hogheads of wine, and only three times in 100 years has it been filled. But as I stood and looked at it I said to myself: "That is nothing—800 hogheads. Why, our American vat holds 4,500,000 barrels of strong drinks, and we keep 300,000 men with nothing to do but to see that it is filled."

Oh, to attack this great monster of intemperance, and the kindred monsters of fraud and uncleanness, requires you to rally all your Christian courage. Through the press, through the pulpit, through the platform, you must assault it. You would to God that all our American Christians would band together, not for crack-brained fanaticism, but for holy Christian reform.

I think it was in 1793 that there went out from Lucknow, India, under the sovereign, the greatest hunting party that was ever projected. There were 10,000 armed men in that hunting party. There were camels and horses and elephants. On some, princes rode, and royal ladies, under exquisite housing, and 500 colics waited upon the train, and the desolate places of India were invaded by this excursion, and the rhinoceros, and deer, and elephant, fell under the stroke of the saber and bullet. After a while the party brought back trophies worth 50,000 rupees, having left the wilderness of India ghastly with the slain bodies of wild beasts.

Would to God that instead of here and there a straggler going out to fight these great monsters of iniquity in our country, the million membership of our churches would band together and hew in twain these great crimes that make the land frightful with their roar, and are fattening up the bodies and souls of immortal men. Who is ready for such a party as that? Who will be a mighty hunter for the Lord?

I remark again: If you want to be successful in spiritual hunting, you need not only to bring down the game, but bring it in. I think one of the most beautiful pictures of Thorwaldsen is his "Autumn." It represents a sportsman coming home and standing under a grapevine. He has a staff over his shoulder, and on the other end of that staff are hung a rabbit and brace of birds. Every hunter brings home the game. No one would think of bringing down a reindeer or whipping up a stream for trout and letting them lie in the woods. At eventide the camp is adorned with the treasures of the forest—beak and fin, and antler.

If you go to hunt for immortal souls, not only bring them down under the arrow of the gospel, but bring them into the Church of God, the grand home and encampment we have pitched this side of the skies. Fetch them in, do not let them lie out in the open field. They need our prayers, and sympathies, and help. That is the meaning of the Church of God—help. O ye hunters for the Lord! not only bring down the game, but bring it in. If Mithridates liked hunting so well that for seven years he never went indoors, what enthusiasm ought we to have who are hunting for immortal souls? If Donatian practiced archery until he could stand a boy down in the Roman amphitheater, with a hand on the fingers outstretched, and the King could shoot an arrow between the fingers without wounding them, to what drill and what practice ought not we subject ourselves in order to become spiritual archers and "mighty hunters before the Lord!"

But let me say you will never work any better than you pray. The old archers took the bow, put one end of it down beside the foot, elevated the other end, and it was the rule that the bow should be just the size of the archer; if it was just his size then he would go into the battle with confidence. Let me say that your power to project good in the world will correspond exactly to your own spiritual stature. In other words, the first thing in preparation for Christian work is personal consecration.

Oh, for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road,
That leads me to the Lamb.

I am sure that there are some here who at some time have been hit by the gospel arrow. You felt the wound of that conviction, and you plunged into the world deeper, just as the stag, when the hounds are after it, plunges into Seron Lake, expecting in that way to escape. Jesus Christ is on your track to-day, impatient man, not in wrath, but in mercy. Oh, ye chased and panting souls! here is the stream of God's mercy and salvation, where you may cool your thirst. Stop that chase of sin to-day. By the red foot that leaped from the heart of my Lord, I bid you stop. There is mercy for you—mercy that pardons; mercy that heals; everlasting mercy. Is there in all this house any one who can refuse the offer that comes from the heart of the dying Son of God?

There is a forest in Germany, a place they call the "Dear Leap" because once a hunter was on the track of a deer; it came to one of these crags; there was no escape for it from the pursuit of the hunter, and in utter despair it gathered itself up, and in the death agony attempted to jump across. Of course it fell, and was dashed to death on the rocks far beneath. Here is a path to heaven. It is plain; it is safe. Jesus marks it out for every man to walk in. But here is a man who says:

"I won't walk in that path; I will go my own way."

He comes on up until he confronts the chasm that divides his soul from heaven. Now his last hour has come, and he resolves that he will leap that chasm, from the heights of earth to the heights of heaven. Stand back now and give him full swing, for no soul ever did that successfully. Let him try. Jump, jump! He misses the mark and goes down, depth below depth, "destroyed without remedy." Men! angels! devils! what shall we call that place of awful catastrophe? Let it be known forever as the "Sinner's Death Leap."

It is said that when Charlemagne's host was overpowered by three armies of the Saracens in the Pass of Roncesvalles, his warrior, Roland, in terrible earnestness, seized a trumpet, and blew it with such terrific strength that the opposing army reeled back with terror; but the third blast of the trumpet it broke in two.

I see your soul fiercely assailed by all the powers of earth and hell. I put the mightiest trumpet of the Gospel to my lips, and I blow it three times.

Blast the first—"Whosoever will, let him come."

Blast the second—"Seek ye the Lord while he may be found."

Blast the third—"Now is the accepted time: now is the day of salvation."

Does not the host of your sins fall back? But the trumpet does not, like that of Roland, break in two. As it was handed down to us from the lips of our fathers, we hand it down to the lips of our children, and tell them to sound it when we are dead, that all the generations of men may know that our God is a pardoning God, a sympathetic God, a loving God; and that more to him than the anthems of heaven, more to him than the throne on which he sits, more to him than the temples of celestial worship, is the joy of seeing the wanderer putting his hand on the door-latch of his father's house. Hear it, all ye nations! Bread for the worst hunger. Medicine for the worst sickness. Light for the thickest darkness. Harbor from the worst storm.

Dr. Prime, in his book of wonderful interest, entitled "Around the World," describes a tomb in India of marvelous architecture. Twenty thousand men were twenty-two years in erecting that and the building around it. Standing at that tomb, if you speak or sing, after you have ceased you hear the echo coming from a height of 150 feet. It is not like other echoes. The sound is drawn out in sweet prolongation, as though the angels of God were chanting on the wing.

How many souls here to-day, in the tomb of sin, will lift up the voice of repentance and prayer? If now they would cry unto God, the echo would drop from afar—not struck from the marble cover of an earthly mausoleum, but sounding back from the warm heart of angels, flying with the news; for there is joy among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.

The archers of old times studied their art. They were very precise in the matter. The old books gave special directions as to how the archer should go and as to what an archer should do. He must stand erect and firm, his left foot a little in advance of his right foot. With his left hand he must take hold of the bow in the middle, and then with the three fingers and the thumb of his right hand he should lay hold of the arrow and affix it to the string—so precise was the direction given. But how clumsy we are about religious work. How little skill and care we exercise! How often our arrows miss the mark! Oh, that we might learn the art of doing good and become "mighty hunters before the Lord!"

In the first place, if you want to be effectual in doing good, you must be very sure of your weapon. There is something very fascinating about the archery of olden times. Perhaps you do not know what they could do with the bow and arrow. Why the chief battles fought by the English Plantagenets were with the long bow. They would take the arrow or polished wood, and then with the plume of a bird, and then it would fly from the bow-string of plaited silk. The broad fields of Agincourt, and Solway Moss, and Newby's Cross, heard the loud thrum of the archer's bow-string.

Now, my Christian friends, we have a mightier weapon than that. It is the arrow of the Gospel; it is a sharp arrow; it is a straight arrow; it is feathered from the wing of the dove of God's Spirit; it flies from a bow made out of the wood of the cross. As far as I can estimate or calculate, it has brought down 40,000,000 souls. Paul knew how to bring the notch of that arrow on to that bow string, and its whirr was heard through the Corinthian theatres, and through the court-room, until the knees of Felix knocked together. It was that arrow that stuck in Luther's heart when he cried out: "Oh, my sins! Oh, my sins!" If it strike a man in the head, it kills his skepticism; if it strike him in the heel, it will turn his step; if it strike him in the heart, he throws up his hands, as did one of old when wounded in the battle, crying: "Oh, Gallien, Thou hast conquered."

In the army of the Earl of Pembroke, there are old corselets which show that the arrow of the English used to go through the breastplate, through the body of the warrior, and out through the backplate. What a symbol of that Gospel which is sharper than a two-edged sword, piercing to the dividing asunder of soul and body, and of the joints and marrow.

Italian Emigration. Especially from the old Neapolitan provinces, in 1883 had risen to 163,000, and it is rising by 10,000 to 15,000 a year. Of this outpouring more than half reaches South America, where it is believed more than 870,000 Italians are now settled in the valley of the Platte alone, toward whose schools the Roman government, with a wise foresight, contributes \$50,000 a year. Sir Horace Rumbold, in his work on the Silver river, just published, describes Buenos Ayres as filled with Italians, who, though perfectly orderly and peaceable, every now and then manifest in some gathering or festival, their overwhelming strength. It is by no means impossible that the states of the Platte may become, without violence, by the natural operation of emigration and a full birth rate, Italian colonies. Political power, as yet, however, still remains in the hands of the Spaniards.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Ladies of the White House. The present living ladies of the White House, to begin with the present occupant and go back in order of time: Mrs. Cleveland, Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, Mrs. Ellen Arthur McElroy, sister of President Arthur; Mrs. James A. Garfield, Mrs. Ruthford B. Hayes, Mrs. Julia Dent Grant, Mrs. Patterson, sister of President Johnson; Mrs. Harriet Lane Johnson, niece of President Buchanan; Mrs. James K. Polk, Mrs. Julia Gardiner Tyler, and Mrs. Semple, stepdaughter of the first Mrs. Tyler.

Polyglot Perplexities.

A person speaking only the English language may meet with amusing incidents while traveling in Europe. For example, an English clergyman stopping at a Swiss hotel, desiring ink, got out his "phrase-book," looked it carefully through to find the French word for ink, and failing in his search, concluded to ring his bell and "sail in on his English." The chambermaid came to the door, and he said: "Will you bring me some ink?" She stood statue-like, and he repeated, "Ink! Ink! Ink!" She closed the door, but very soon returned, and asked him partly in French and partly in English whether he would have it warmed.

Again, on one occasion, I gave a railroad conductor in Germany a small silver coin, in order to have the compartment we were in all to ourselves. After riding for some distance we came to a station where he was replaced by another conductor. Before leaving, he came, opened our door, and said something to us in German. Supposing he desired to see our tickets, I extended my hand with them, at which he shook his head. We then thought we must change cars again, having ridden at least twenty miles without doing so, and all rose up; at which movement he a second time shook his head. We next decided that it certainly must be time to have our luggage vised, since at least four hours had elapsed since the last examination, and we accordingly pulled down our valises, and started for the door; whereupon our conductor not only shook his head, but pushed us back and shut the door. We afterward learned that he, through innate politeness, and in return, no doubt, for the small silver coin I had given him, was simply endeavoring to bid us good-by.

While going up the Rhine we saw four English gentlemen on the deck sitting together. They called a waiter and ordered "lemonade for four." The waiter went away, was gone nearly half an hour, and at last appeared with ham and eggs for four. Nor was he astray as to the sound of the order, different in nature as were the viands he brought, as anybody with a bad cold will perceive, if he will repeat the words, "ham and eggs," and "lemonade" alternately.—American Magazine.

Bloodhounds.

Every time dogs are put on the trail of a criminal the telegraph is sure to say they are bloodhounds. Now, there are not many bloodhounds in this country, and we venture to say that of the few there never was one of the breed used in trailing men. The dogs which before and during the war were used to track runaway slaves were always spoken of as bloodhounds, but they were nothing like the animals of that breed. They were a cross between the Siberian dog and the long low hound so much used by Southerners in hunting. The strain of Siberian blood gave the result of this crossing the large head and short ears, as well as size, and the strain from the hound gave the animals the sharp scent which enabled them to follow a trail after its making. These dogs were ferocious, while the true bloodhound is anything but that. The dogs seen running in the streets here which are called bloodhounds come from the stock used for the purpose described in the South, but are not so well bred. They are more of a cur as a general thing. A thoroughbred bloodhound is one of the handsomest dogs that lives. He is a large, heavy-bodied animal, with long ears and a broad, pleasant face, with brown eyes, which, on account of the red always showing, are considered by people who do not know better an indication of savageness. The bloodhound is a dog much misrepresented. He has a bad reputation which he never earned himself. But was given him by persons who knew not what they were talking about.—Rochester Union.

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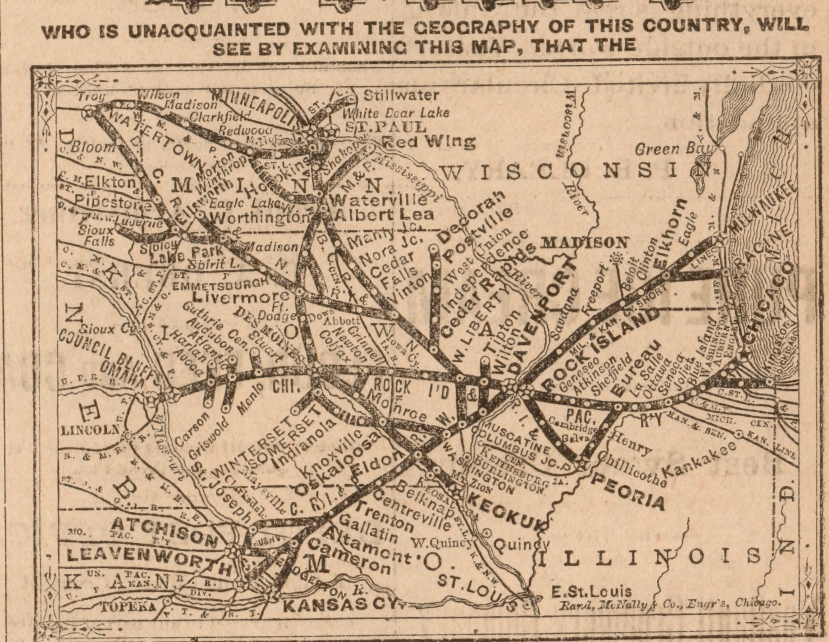
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The Ypsilantian.

THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1887.

It is reported that Allen G. Thurman has pronounced himself in favor of the renomination of President Cleveland. It can now be assumed as settled that Ohio will go into the democratic convention against Cleveland. Ohio democrats have a peculiar habit of throwing up their hats for the "Old Roman," as they had for applauding the sentiments of their old war horse, Durbin Ward, but since the John McLean and Allen O'Myers' regime has been in possession of the democratic wires in Ohio, the old leaders have been forced to accept applause as their only reward for service. The old red bandana fails to fire the Ohio democratic heart as in the days gone by.

We are not disposed to join in the united and prolonged howl of abuse that is going up from the republican press against President Cleveland for his expressed willingness to return the captured confederate battle flags. It would have been a mistake to have returned the flags, perhaps, but who can say that it would have been expressing more in action than John Sherman expressed in words on several occasions during his recent southern tour. We don't believe the southern people care whether the old flags are returned or not. While the fight was going on they were emblematic and precious, but we fail to see why they would now be considered desirable, representing as they would, only disastrous defeats and abandoned principles. Let us have peace.

RUSSIA, not content with revising the political geography of Asia, now proposes to revise its physical geography. The river Amoo or Ann, the ancient Oxus, which rises in the mountains of the Chinese border, runs west sixteen hundred miles and empties into the inland Arab Sea, four hundred miles east of the Caspian. According to the testimony of antiquity, the Oxus formerly ran to the Caspian Sea, and it is deemed practicable to divert the stream from its present course not far above its mouth and cause it to flow through its ancient traditional course to the Caspian. That would give Russia direct steam navigation to the heart of Asia, the scene of her longtime operations to match the prestige of England in the great continent. To turn the course of a mighty river like that would be a work almost equal to the proposed conversion of the desert of Sahara into an inland sea by cutting a channel from the Atlantic coast to where the surface of the desert is below the sea level.

THERE is no excuse for the existence of a political prohibition party in this state any longer. The law now gives to counties which want prohibition, and have the necessary majority to sustain it, the opportunity to have it. Those who favor prohibition should unite in sustaining this law, and not in efforts to build up a separate political party.—Hastings Banner.

If the Hastings Banner and other Michigan papers that are assisting in the growth of the prohibition party by snarling and kicking at it would change their methods they might succeed in making it apparent that there "is no excuse for the existence of the prohibition party." If the honest men who are now in sympathy with the prohibition party can be given reasonable, practical assurance that what they seek and desire in the way of prohibition is also sought and desired by the majority of the republican party, it is possible they may consent to work with them for a common end. There is no argument made or good to be gained by calling a man a crank, but there is good to be gained by reasoning together and by the cooperation of good men for good ends. We believe there are members of the prohibition party who are more interested in the destruction of the republican party than in the success of the prohibition policy, but they do not form the majority of that party, and it is immaterial whether they remain in it or join the party with which their sympathies are strongest. If you wish a man to accompany you, you must first tell him where you are going. If you do not wish him to accompany you, and if you do not desire to accompany him, it is none of your business where he puts in his time.

At Gettysburg, Saturday and Sunday last, was held a reunion of several of the Union regiments which participated in the memorable battle fought near the little town twenty-four years ago. The surviving members of Pickett's Confederate division, the division which made the daring advance against the stone wall which sheltered the Philadelphia brigade—a charge made by men as brave and heroic as ever faced a foe, and met by men as determined to die in defense of home and country as any of the histories or legends of war have ever named, were also there by invitation. How it thrills the heart and makes the blood flow fast to read of the brave men who proved to the world the degree of gallantry and heroism our country could produce. It matters little to us, to-day, that one hero was clad in the gray of the south and the other in the blue of the north, they were and are our countrymen, and we are proud to own them. We can forgive the wrongs, as we ask to be forgiven the wrongs we may commit, and not less zealously need we guard and protect the right, while we extend to every hand now upholding the stars and stripes the cordial grasp of honest friendship, even though the hand we hold may in the distant past have been raised against our flag. We are weary of the quarrels of partisans who seek to hoist themselves to fame and position by attacking or defending the issues past and dead, and can no longer with patience listen to the meaningless pretense of superior patriotism from palavering politicians. Our personal loss was too great to ever permit of our forgetting the rebellion, its causes or its results. The sacrifice of a father's life in defense of the right, will make the

right ever sacred and dear to us, and the wrong that caused the sacrifice will never cease to seem wrong. But the right was triumphant and is throughout our land enthroned; the wrong was crushed, and only by the harmless tongues of dotards are its echoes kept resounding. We revere the memory of the dead heroes of Gettysburg, and we gladly extend our meed of honor to the living; and in no way can we better prove the degree of this honor than by following their splendid example of charity and forgiveness.

WHAT IS PROTOPLASM?

The word is from the Greek, meaning literally, *first form*. Webster defines it as "the viscid, nitrogenous material in vegetable cells, by which the process of nutrition, secretion and growth goes forward; the vital vegetable substance." The definition is too narrow, in limiting the substance to the vegetable kingdom. In Johnson's cyclopedia we find this clear and concise definition: "Animal bodies either consist of homogeneous substance, or of that [the same] substance disposed in tissues. This substance, whether homogeneous or exhibiting structure is chemically identical throughout the animal kingdom, and constitutes the living part of plants. It belongs to the class of protein compounds, and is called gelatin, albumen, fibrin, etc., or, regarded structurally, *protoplasm*." Protoplasm, then, by these definitions, is the basic material of all animal and vegetable organisms, the agent of the vital processes, and, etymologically, the first form of life. It can be seen, under the microscope, carrying forward the vital processes. To know that that can be seen, and to see it, are two very different things, as we realized recently when, through the courtesy of Mrs. Osband, we were permitted to observe it through one of the excellent instruments at the Normal School. We had known, as we know anything that we take on the authority of scientific investigators, that the eye can see the protoplasmic atoms doing their work in a living organism, building up the tissues in the processes of repair and growth; but we had had no such realization of the fact as the peep through the microscope gave.

The subject of experiment was one of the cilia, or minute hairs, from the stamen of a flower, which appeared under the glass like a pale green, transparent object wider than a man's finger. Irregularly disposed through it were several dark spots of circular form, probably globular, which were protoplasmic atoms, if we may use that term. The were all at rest, and appeared as large as peas. When they had recovered from the shock caused by detaching the hair and placing it in the instrument, we were told, they would resume their work. We had not long to wait. In two or three minutes, one commenced to move slowly in a right line, and then it increased its pace, and after some distance it changed direction obliquely until it reached the side of the hair, and stopped. It seemed to be distributing its substance in an almost transparent stream behind it, and was apparently slightly reduced in size. Then another and another moved, and sometimes two or three at once, the most of them keeping straight lines along the length of the hair. One approached another standing at rest directly in its path. Just before contact, it swerved around the obstacle to the same line on the other side, and proceeded without any halt.

Those things—creatures—whatever they may be—were building up the structure of that part of the plant, as all living structure is built up, and as they are seen to do in animal as well as in vegetable organisms. It is very plain that none of the definitions tell us what is protoplasm. Were those living creatures? How could they move? Matter cannot move itself—what moved them? Capillary attraction, one says; but how could capillary attraction cause those particles to move about in the tube of that vegetable hair erratically—now resting, now moving, now halting; now in one direction, now in another?

Mr. Herbert Spencer, we think it was, when protoplasm was discovered, thought the mystery of life had been solved; life had been traced to its hiding place, dissected, analyzed, seen; life was protoplasm and protoplasm was life—its "first form;" when the protoplasmic atoms act, the organism lives, and when they cease, it is dead; they permeate every tissue of the human body, rebuilding and keeping it in repair, and cause the particles of the brain to "move in a varied manner," as Haeckel phrases it, so as to produce the phenomena of consciousness. So man has no need of a soul, and of course has no soul. He is merely indebted to active protoplasm for his conscious life, and when the protoplasm ceases to act his conscious life ceases to be. These gentlemen who thus account for life without the aid of anything above matter, the useful protoplasm being merely matter, have neglected, so far as we know, to account for protoplasm, and especially for its singular conduct. Matter has qualities, but it does not usually have conduct; but here is matter having conduct—moving about with system and method and apparent intelligence, and producing an effect which we call life. It moves in one way and the steam engine is invented; in another way and an epic is written; in another and a government is founded, an idea is born, or a microscope is made by which it may see itself and so find out that it is but an atom of matter which can do nothing at all! Ah, thou toy toiling speck, does no hand guide thee! I did no omniscient will appoint thy task and set its bounds, or say to thee, Of this universal substance make now a fern, and now a man! or didst thou by blind chance stumble upon the marvelous mechanism of a spider's spinner, and then of a human hand!

DR. KNICKERBOCKER, PHYSICIAN AND Surgeon, corner of Adams and Emmet Sts., Ypsilanti. Telephone at residence.

TORTURING A PRISONER.

Horrible Scene in a Chinese Court of Justice—Terrible Execution.

I was just in time to see the torturing in its most aggravated form. The victim was an old thief and every effort was being made to compel him to confess his last crime. A long bench had been placed upon the floor. Thrown upon his back upon this bench, the wretch had been tied to it by thin, stout cords, knotted at one end around his thumbs and toes, and the other end to hooks behind. The bench had then been placed upright upon one end, so that the only means of sustaining a human weight of 160 pounds were the slight, sharp cords that cut right down to the bones of the thumbs and toes. The legs and feet were bent back so that the knees were terribly cramped and the ankles almost dislocated. The shoulders were bent back by a pressure that threatened to pull the bones of the arms from their sockets. The joints of the thumbs seemed no longer of any use. A stout, villainous looking subordinate was laying with all his might a long split bamboo stick across the naked thighs of the unfortunate accused, who writhed and groaned under the added punishment. Red welts rose from every blow, while great drops of perspiration stood out upon the brow of the poor sufferer.

The magistrate at length motioned the whipper to stop. The examination recommenced, and renewed efforts were made to compel the accused to confess a crime, which, perhaps, he had never committed. The examination and the torturing had been going on for an hour and a half. In the case of this particular person it had been only a repetition of what had taken place several times before. But he had borne it bravely and had not yet given in. If he held out long enough he might be released; perhaps he might be ordered off to execution, but if he confessed he was certain to lose his head. It was impossible for me to wait the end of the so called examination.

I hurried out, but as I went my attention was called to several peculiar instruments; one a piece of curiously shaped but heavy wood, with which, while a criminal was tied up by his thumbs and toes, he was beaten upon the ankles until the ankle bones were broken; another, a leather strap fitted to a piece of wood, with which he might be beaten across the face until his jaw should be broken and his teeth knocked out, or loosened so that they would drop out; the terrible bastinado, with which, stretched upon the floor, he might be beaten upon the soles of his feet. Only a couple of days before my own visit to this Canton court of justice, five prisoners, tied up by thumbs and toes, had been tortured and beaten until they had fainted, and all five thus insensible were still hanging in the open court room, while the examination of a sixth conscious wretch was being conducted. In the hallway, when I went out, were other poor criminals awaiting their turn. All were heavily shackled. Three with joints dislocated and ankles broken were seated in baskets, in which they had been carried from their cells, and in which they would soon be carried into the court room to be strung up as they had been time and time again before. They were scarcely conscious. All in heaps, they seemed, thrown into the baskets, with their legs and arms dangling out, their heads bowed down upon their breasts.—Canton Cor. Chicago Tribune.

Food That Paris Consumes.

Some interesting figures with regard to the consumption of food in Paris have recently been published in France, from which we take the following details: It appears that in the year 1885 no less than 303,894 oxen, 188,595 calves, 1,979,536 sheep, and 352,004 pigs were killed at Paris. Adding to this the 7,602,412 pounds of horse flesh which was sold for food, 157 pounds of meat is the average consumption of each inhabitant. The largest number of cattle came from the provinces, and the rest was supplied by Germany, Switzerland and Austria-Hungary. Besides this an average of nine pounds of tongues, livers, kidneys, calves' heads, twenty-three pounds of fish, twenty-two pounds of poultry and seven pounds of oysters per inhabitant has to be added to the consumption of meat. It will appear strange that the average of seven pounds of oysters falls on each inhabitant of Paris, the more so as the poorer classes contribute largely to raise the average. It is stated that the oyster for which there is the greatest demand at Paris is that known as the Portuguese oyster, the flavor of which has been improved by some new experiment in the growth of oysters.—Fall Mall Gazette.

Princess Alexandra's Tardiness.

The still charming and beautiful consort of the Prince of Wales is notoriously lacking in the power of keeping her engagements. She is constantly ten minutes late. So marked is this characteristic that when circumstances necessitate her presence at an exact time she is purposely misinformed as to the hour. A writer in The Brooklyn Standard says that he was once on board the Osborne, one of the royal yachts. The prince and princess were using the boat for their annual summer cruise. A ball had been given in their honor at Cowes, and the prince, in full dress, was pacing the deck awaiting the advent of the princess from her dressing room. Finally the little lady made her appearance, but as per usual ten minutes late. "Tut, tut," remarked H. R. H., irritably, "late again, princess! Some of these days you will be precisely ten minutes late for heaven!"

Testing Each Other's Eyesight.

Gens. Harney and Twigg—the latter still survives and resides at St. Louis—were stationed in Texas just before the misunderstanding about slavery came to a focus. They were both well advanced in years, and in San Antonio. Their eyesight had become somewhat impaired, and they got into a dispute which of them had the best eyes, so they determined to test each other's capacity. They selected a piece of small print in a newspaper, and Harney began to adjust the focus of his spectacles, by moving the paper to and from his eyes, very much as a musical instrument is moved backward and forward.

"Come, now, Harney!" exclaimed Twigg, "that's not fair. No tromboning! No tromboning!"—Texas Siftings.

Rulers Over Many Cattle. Little Allie had just completed the course of lessons at Sunday school about Joseph and his brethren, and her mother reviewed the subject with her to find out what she had learned. Allie answered all the questions correctly until she came to where Pharaoh had made the brethren "rulers over many cattle," and there she hesitated.

"What did Pharaoh do for the brethren of Joseph?" her mother asked.

Allie thought for a moment, and then, with a sudden dim recollection, exclaimed, "Oh yes, he made them 'cow-boys!'"—Harper's Bazar.

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"What's the matter?" he asks.

"Oh, nothing of any consequence," she replies, making toward the door.

But he sympathetically begs her to voice her grief; whereupon she tells that she has been unable to sell a book that day, that her poor old mother is dependent upon her, and that she is downright discouraged. He purchases one or more books instantly, and does not learn until several days later, by chance, that she has played the same softening game on nearly the whole street.—"Uncle Bill" in Chicago Herald.

Diet for Biliouness.

For biliouness, the editor of the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal considers a plain diet of bread, milk, oatmeal, vegetables and fruit, with lean meat or fresh fish, is best. Exercise in the open air helps. The victim of an acute attack will be righted by: 1, abstinence; 2, porridge and milk; 3, toast, a little meat and fish and ripe fruit, thus coming to solid food gradually.

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THE YPSILANTIAN.

YPSILANTI, MICH.

THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1887.

The public debt reduction for June was about \$15,000,000.

This tide has turned. Political dishonesty has become odious. The public no longer smiles at crookedness. Robbery in high places is no longer winked at or excused.

BARON DE ROTHSCHILD himself paid the entire expenses of the Jewish jubilee celebration in London. He might have borne the cost of the English part of it, too, and not been a financial wreck.

About 207,000 cattle were marketed in the Chicago stock yards in June, being, with one exception, the largest ever received in a single month. In October, 1883, the receipts were nearly 218,000 head.

The births recorded in London every week exceed the deaths by more than a thousand, and during the next ten years the increase in the number of inhabitants will probably be nearly three-quarters of a million.

The biggest nugget of gold ever found in Wisconsin was washed out on the farm of John Condit, one mile from Rock Elm, Pierce county. It weighed nearly three grains. Several other fine nuggets were found with it.

The Nickel-Plate Railway is to be reorganized by States by the Purchasing Committee, and articles of incorporation will be taken out in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. The different organizations are to be consolidated afterward.

WALTER MURRAY GIBSON, the American Premier of the Hawaiian Kingdom, is said to be not only the power behind the throne, but ambitious to mount the throne himself. He persistently declines to be knighted or decorated, and is likely to be the leader in the anticipated revolt against King Kalakaua.

J. D. WILLET, representing a syndicate from Louisville, Ky., has made application to W. Mear, land agent of the Manitoba Railroad company, for the purchase of ten thousand acres of land in Stearns county, Minnesota. If the purchase of such an amount of land can be perfected, it is understood large emigration parties from Kentucky will follow.

THE Hon. J. F. White, of Atlanta, Ga., has a fac-simile of the declaration of the independence, in the handwriting of Thomas Jefferson, showing the alterations made by John Adams and Benjamin Franklin. With interlinations, corrections, and erasures, it presents a very undignified appearance. Mr. White has had the fac-simile in his possession for thirty-five years.

A BRIGHT Vassar graduate, who was promised by her father a dollar for every cent she might earn by her own labor, obtained work in a factory at \$6 a week. After paying her \$10,000 in the course of about sixteen weeks, the old gentleman concluded he had got about all the fun out of the joke that there was in it and called a halt. The girl at once lost her interest in factory life.

GEORGE W. CHILDS of Philadelphia is a wealthy man. He is building an elegant and costly drinking fountain in the market place at Stratford-upon-Avon in honor of Shakespeare, but he can well afford the expense of taking it down, carting it away to the birth-place of Lord Bacon, and having a new inscription engraved on it, as he will of course do after Ignatius Donnelly's book comes out.

MR. POWDERLY in a recent letter deeply deplores unrestricted immigration and favors the adoption of some measure to check the tide of ignorance, barbarism, and pauperism flowing into this country. He also believes that the sons and daughters of wage workers must be given better educational opportunities, if a condition of affairs "worse than anarchy" is to be averted in the near future.

A few days ago Dr. C. H. Stubbs, of Wakefield, Lancaster county, Pa., and another man were standing in a barn-door during a rainstorm. A hat blow off and Dr. Stubbs went out to get it. As he stooped to pick it up a large, forked limb was blown from the tree and fell down over his body, the branches of the fork entering the ground on either side and pinning him fast to the earth, but without injuring him.

The statistics of the growth of the English Church and of the good deeds done by churchmen during the fifty years' reign of Queen Victoria are thus summarized: A carefully drawn up table shows that six thousand churches and places of worship have been built as against three thousand by all outside religious denominations put together. The home episcopate has been increased by seven new dioceses and the colonial by sixty-two. Within the last twenty-five years \$405,000,000 has been freely and voluntarily subscribed for church purposes, and \$110,000,000 for the purpose of elementary education in voluntary schools—all under the oversight and government of the church.

ALL of the land grant railroads of the country have returned answers to Secretary Lamar's order requiring them to show cause why the several orders of withdrawal from settlement of the lands within their indemnity limits should not be revoked and the lands thrown open to settlement. With but few exceptions the roads in reply state that if they had their due they would receive more land than they now have, as much of the land granted them has been pre-empted and there is no land from which to make selections. The St. Paul & Sioux City Railroad Company takes the ground that this matter is beyond the jurisdiction of the Secretary of the Interior. The Atlantic & Pacific Railroad states that it has earned 1,000,000 acres more land than it has received.

CONDENSED NEWS.

Latest Intelligence From all Parts of the World.

FIRE RECORD.

The fire record Monday included a coopers establishment at St. Louis, Missouri, loss, \$103,000; Hopley & Hopfs, brewery at Pittsburgh; and the brick malt house of the Weber Brewing Company, Cincinnati, loss, \$95,000.

Fire destroyed a large portion of Elizabethtown, Ky. The postoffice, bank, and newspaper office were burned. The loss is estimated at \$100,000.

A disastrous fire at West Stewartstown, destroyed a large building owned by E. D. Parker containing a large furniture establishment, woolen-mill, machine-shop, and carpenter-shop. Loss, \$50,000; insurance light.

Fire at Hurley, Wis., destroyed two blocks of buildings and caused a loss of probably \$100,000. Monday afternoon's blaze at Marshfield, Wis., was still more destructive, over \$1,000,000 worth of property being wiped out of existence. In the latter town many families are homeless.

Ashes and smoking timbers mark the site of Marshfield, Wis. Fire swept over it, and swallowed up every vestige of business blocks, residences, churches and railroad stations. Two thousand people are homeless, all communication is cut off, and the loss is estimated at \$1,000,000.

CASUALTIES.

At Springfield, Mass., a 15-year-old boy had his scalp partially torn off and one arm deeply lacerated by a leopard in one of Barnum's cages. The lad climbed upon the animal's cage and was peering inside when the brute tried to drag him in.

At Greenville, Ill., Monday a balloon ascension was made. The aeronaut was unfortunate enough to come down on a pair of horses which kicked and injured him severely.

By the explosion of a threshing machine engine on the farm near Mascoutah, Ill., John Plob, the engineer, was instantly killed. Three others were seriously injured. The threshing and two wagons were burned, and two horses were killed.

A passenger train on the Cincinnati & Muskingum Valley railroad was wrecked near Zanesville. The baggage car was thrown down an embankment and a combination car followed half-way down. Three coaches loaded with picnicers were derailed. Strange to say, nobody was killed. Baggage-master Lane was badly hurt and he is the only person injured.

Six men were crushed to death near Portsmouth, O., by the caving-in of an excavation.

Forest fires south of Grand Haven, Michigan, are consuming much valuable timber.

At Barracksville, W. Va., John Jennings, engineer of a freight train, was killed in a collision on the Baltimore & Ohio Road. John Davis was seriously injured. Cattle in four cars were all killed, and the train took fire and burned.

John McOllum was burned to death in a fire at Bay City, Mich. Seymour Wheaton fell forty feet and escaped with a broken arm.

CRIMES AND CRIMINALS.

An examination of the accounts of Levi Bacon, late financial clerk of the interior department, who died on the 22 ult., has revealed a deficiency of \$28,000.

At Marquette, Mich., Monday, John McGinnis advised William Anderson that the manner in which he carried his gun was not calculated to soothe the nerves of the crowd enjoying the celebration. For this Mr. Anderson shot the meddler dead, and was thrown into jail.

Mrs. George Harrington, of Brady, Mich., was beaten in a cruel manner by her husband, Thursday. A short time after she took morphine and died Friday.

S. D. Whitney, Secretary of the Canadian Board of Harbor Commissioners, is missing, and is said to be a defaulter to a large amount.

On Friday, July 1st, Albert Turner, colored, was hanged at Louisville, Ky., for the brutal murder of Jennie Bowman.

Thomas Ballard, the notorious counterfeiter, has been pardoned by the President. Executive clemency has also been extended to half a dozen other convicts.

The bonds of the Fidelity bank-wreckers, Harper and Hopkins, have been increased to \$200,000 and \$100,000 respectively. This is taken as an indication that the prosecution "means business."

Chael Rook, the West Shore express-robber, has been sentenced to twenty years at hard labor in Auburn prison.

At Waukegan, Ill., two women were brutally assaulted by a desperado, who entered the house for the purpose of robbery. Mrs. Julia Lloyd, one of the victims, is not expected to survive.

In the Sharp bribery case at New York the jury brought in a verdict of guilty after being out but thirteen minutes. Sharp will remain in Ludlow street jail until July 13, when sentence will be passed.

Three men have been arrested at Alpena, Mich., who are thought to be the fur-robbers who rescued their leader McManis at Ravenna, O., after a desperate fight, in which an officer was fatally wounded.

Jimmy Carroll, the notorious burglar, who has been in jail at Galesburg, Ill., charged with complicity in robbing the Farmers and Mechanics bank in 1877, will be set at liberty soon because of the inability of the witnesses to be present at the trial.

In her home in Jeffersonville, Ind., Miss Sarah Aldridge, aged 19, was found shot in the head. George Jettel, her lover, who was in the parlor with her, says she shot herself while he was asleep with his head on her lap, but his story is doubted, and he has been imprisoned.

INDUSTRIAL.

All the glass factories in the country have shut down for thirty or sixty days. There is prospect of trouble between the employers and workmen in some branches of this industry over the question of wages and other matters.

All the differences between the manufacturers and the iron and steel workers were amicably adjusted at a meeting in Pittsburgh, and the strike signed, so that there will be no strike. Concessions were made by both sides.

A strike is threatened at the Fort Wayne railroad shops in Allegheny City, Pa.,

which is likely to throw out of employment between four and five hundred men. The trouble is caused by a new style of box car, on which there is almost twice as much labor as on the ordinary cars. The men refuse to work on them unless their wages are advanced, and recently sixteen carpenters quit work. Sympathy for the strikers is very strong in the other departments, and unless there is a settlement a general strike is probable.

The Master Masons' association has appointed a committee of five to act with a similar committee to be appointed by the bricklayers in arbitrating the existing troubles. The committee was instructed to stand firmly by the declaration of principles recently promulgated by the association, and insist upon its recognition as the basis of any settlement.

It is estimated that since the inauguration of the strike in the coke region three months ago, operators and employees have lost \$750,000 in wages and profits. It is insisted that the operators are making arrangements for a force of Pinkerton men to protect life and property.

WASHINGTON.

During the last fiscal year there were issued 112,840 pension certificates. Of this number 55,194 were original cases; 8,415 were Mexican-war claims, 10,030 were "amputation" cases, and 32,107 were increase cases. The remainder were "re-issue."

The President has granted pardons to John W. Tankieley, convicted in Kentucky of violating interest revenue laws, and E. Backering, convicted in Tennessee of passing counterfeit money.

During June 2,516,090 standard dollars were coined.

A Washington Special says: The statement of Dr. McGlynn that the cabinet was sounded on the subject of receiving an ambassador from the church of Rome is discredited.

Chief Engineer Henry Lee Snyder, United States navy, died suddenly at Washington.

A Washington special says: "Senator M. C. Butler of South Carolina is quoted as saying he believes Secretary Lamar will be appointed to the vacancy on the Supreme bench and that Senator Colquitt of Georgia will probably succeed Mr. Lamar as Secretary of the Interior. The Georgia Senator denies that he has been offered the place, but it seems to be understood among his friends that he can have it if he desires it. Senator Colquitt has been strongly identified with the temperance movement in Georgia, and some doubt has been expressed as to the advisability of the President's inviting him into the cabinet on that account."

The general land office has adopted a new code of regulations governing the entry of desert lands, intended to prevent the frauds which have heretofore been practiced on such an extensive scale in claims of this character.

A long-standing claim of the State of Kansas against the general government for \$43,790, based upon certain stipulations of the Kansas admission act of 1861, has been rejected by the secretary of the interior.

General O. O. Howard telegraphs to the War Department that the hostile Apaches in Arizona have been driven back into their reservation and are now under the control of the military.

POLITICAL.

The following members of the Board of Pension appeals have been reappointed for one year: George Baber of Kentucky, John A. Judson of New York, Patrick J. Rogers of New York, Robert D. Grath of North Carolina, S. W. Rittenhouse of the District of Columbia, and Robert F. Hill of Michigan.

William Porter, of Des Moines, has been appointed register of the land office at that city.

Judge Thurman predicts Cleveland's re-nomination and re-election.

At Delaware, Ohio, the prohibitionists are holding a three-days State convention. All of the prominent prohibition orators of the nation are present and the convention is held to be the largest of the kind ever held in the United States. Knowing ones state that the platform will be framed with the purpose of securing the approval and support of the labor faction. A full state ticket will be nominated.

GENERAL.

Ex-Governor Morrill died Monday forenoon at his home in Augusta, Me.

A statue to General Burnside was unveiled Monday at Providence, R. I.

Thomas S. Baldwin, an aeronaut, Monday, at Quincy, Ill., jumped from a balloon while it was in the air, and reached the ground in safety by means of a parachute.

Tammany Hall celebrated the Fourth in the wigwag at New York, the principal speakers being Gov. Fitzhugh Lee, of Virginia; Governor Wilson, of West Virginia; the Hon. S. S. Cox, and the Hon. W. C. Maybury, of Michigan.

An epidemic of diphtheria in New York City calls for active measures to stamp out the disease. The report for June shows 521 cases and 215 deaths, principally children.

Chinch bugs are reported to be destroying the wheat crop in portions of Iowa. Owing to the reduction of receipts, due to the prohibitory law, the internal revenue office for Mississippi has been transferred to the Louisiana office. The receipts have fallen below \$50,000, and are decreasing annually.

During the month of June the eastward movement of flour through Buffalo fell to 203,515 barrels, while grain increased 5,507,132 bushels.

The shipments from Bay City and East Saginaw, Mich., for the month of June were less than half for the same month last year. The rate war was the cause, vessels all going into the ore trade.

A rather unfavorable report on crop conditions has just been issued by the Territorial Statistician of Dakota. Hot winds have proved injurious. Corn averages 100 per cent, with an increased acreage, while the condition of spring wheat is but 86 per cent.

According to Bradstreet's there were 400 less failures in the United States during the last six months than for the same period of 1886.

An earthquake shock was felt in parts of New Hampshire and Vermont on the 1st instant.

A strict quarantine has been established in Westchester county, New York, where pleuro-pneumonia is said to prevail.

D. H. Bates, President of the Baltimore & Ohio Telegraph Company, denies that its lines have been sold to the Western Union.

Heavy rains have fallen in the valley of Mexico, and many outlying villages are submerged.

The new Mexican customs tariff and the reformed internal revenue system went into effect July 1st. The occasion was celebrated at the City of Mexico by a banquet tendered by merchants of all nationalities to Finance Minister Dujban. The new postal treaty with the United States also became operative on the 1st.

It is believed that Jay Gould has finally secured the Baltimore and Ohio telegraph system.

The New York World confirms the report that Cyrus W. Field turned over the remainder of his elevated-railway stock to Jay Gould on the 29th of June. The amount was 20,000 shares.

FOREIGN.

The Paris Figaro says the Crown Prince of Germany has visited the Count of Paris and warned him that a Floquet-Boulangier Ministry would lead to a war between France and Germany within a month, and that the policy adopted by the Monarchic party would be based on the warning.

Prince Ferdinand has left Vienna for London to consult Lord Salisbury and the queen on the subject of his candidacy for the Bulgarian throne.

France has protested against the conduct of Italy in minimizing French rights in Zelah, on the Red Sea, near the Abyssinian frontier.

The captain and three seamen of the British bark Lady Douglas have been condemned to death for murdering a Malay sailor at sea.

Ten persons in one family were suffocated in Cuba. The father putleat-tobacco on the coals before retiring as a guard against small-pox. In the morning his band, wife, and eight children were found dead.

The Ghilzais, who are in revolt against the amer, who were reported to have been annihilated, are now credited with an important victory over Ghunzi. They are said, however, to have suffered defeat, with heavy loss, near Istadsh.

European advices are to the effect that \$1,000,000 of gold has been shipped to this country, and that the shipments of the next ten days will amount to \$5,000,000.

In a riot at Algiers many Moors were killed and wounded.

Gen. Boulanger has been appointed to the command of the Thirteenth Corps of the French army.

Passengers who arrived by the steamer San Pablo report that there is great excitement at Honolulu over the threatened revolution against King Kalakaua. It is said that the Germans and Chinese are at the bottom of the trouble, and that the latter will wage a war of extermination with the Hawaiians, during which Europeans will gain control.

Dreaming to Some Purpose.
John Milton Akers writes from Pine Island, Minn., to *The Christian Advocate* as follows: "In the winter of 1859-60 the writer was teaching school in Bedford county, Pa., and boarding with an intelligent and substantial farmer of German extraction by the name of Anthony Felton. The family was a remarkable one for ingenuity. One night after school the conversation turned upon difficult problems in mathematics. I mentioned one that my brother had sent me which I considered quite intricate. The question was as follows (I reproduce from memory): 'Sold 5,000 ells Flemish of cloth for \$21,250, and gained as much per yard as one eighth of the prime cost of an ell English. What was the prime cost per yard, and of the whole piece?' On repeating the question my host told me promptly it could not be done. I repeated it several times for him during the evening, till he had it conditions well fixed in his mind. I assured him I had solved it by algebra, of which he knew nothing. The next morning, on coming from my room, he said: 'I can tell you all about that problem now.' Upon asking him how he had reached the solution, he said: 'I dreamed it out.' I smiled incredulously, for I had no faith in such straight dreaming. I said: 'Let me see your solution?' and to my astonishment and delight he produced an arithmetical solution that was a marvel to analytic simplicity. I then asked more particularly about his dream. He said: 'An old man, to whom I had at one time gone to school, came to me in my dream, and seeing I was troubled about something asked the cause. I repeated the question to him, and told him that I had told the "master" that it could not be solved. The old man told me it made no difference what you told the "master," it can be worked, and then told me how to do it.' And he remembered it so distinctly that he solved the question by the instructions received in his dream."

BLOODY WORK AT A RIOT.
Six Negroes and One White Man Killed in a Desperate Fight.

A special from Girard, La., under date of June 29th, says: A riot occurred at Oak Ridge this morning about 5:30 o'clock, in which one white man and six negroes were killed and several white men dangerously wounded. The following particulars of the affair are given: Yesterday a negro living in the vicinity of Oak Ridge assaulted a white girl. He was arrested about 7 in the evening, and when the deputies were taking him to the calaboose they were fired upon by Jerry Baldwin, colored, his two sons, and three other negroes, wounding Deputies Baker and Gardner, and releasing the prisoner. The negroes then disappeared and later rendezvoused at a negro cabin two miles from town. On learning their whereabouts it was proposed to lynch the negro. Before daylight this morning a party of whites went to the negro's house for that purpose and were fired upon by the negro and his friends. One of their number, George Higginbotham, was instantly killed, and John Gogger, Deputy Sheriff, T. G. Brigham, editor of the Morehouse Sentinel, and Messrs. Milmore and Baker were wounded. The whites returned the fire with deadly effect, killing six of the negroes, including the accused. As soon as the news spread the negroes from all surrounding country flocked to town, and Sheriff W. P. Douglas, with a posse of twenty armed men, left Bastrop for the scene. At noon to-day bodies of white men are moving from Girard and other points toward Oak Ridge, and a conflict between the whites and blacks, with most serious results to the latter, is momentarily expected. Town-Marshall John Conger, who received eleven bullet wounds, died at 3 o'clock to-day.

A NITRO-GLYCERINE FACTORY BLOWN UP.

A terrific explosion occurred at Findlay, Ohio, June 29th, the nitro-glycerine factory of E. N. McCoy blowing up. There were nearly 1,000 pounds of explosive in the building. The concussion caused people for miles around to think that an earthquake had occurred. The factory was blown to atoms, but nobody was near enough to be hurt. A hole fifteen feet deep and fifty feet across the top was made in the ground and many trees were blown out. An acre or more of woodland is devastated, and for a great distance from the site of the factory bark was torn from the trees. Somebody with a spit against the proprietor made a fire, and, placing a cap in the cleaning-tank where the stuff was, caused the explosion from a distance. The damage was not great.

What is the shortest sentence on record was pronounced not long ago by an English justice. The convicted prisoner had married a second husband while her first was living, undivorced, but the circumstances were such that the judge said that he could not conscientiously sentence her to more than five minutes imprisonment; and that was the sentence.

THE MARKETS.		
CHICAGO.		
BREASTS—Choice to Prime	4.10	@ 4.45
Good Shipping	3.90	@ 4.20
Common	3.75	@ 4.30
HOGS—No. 2 Head	4.35	@ 5.05
WHEAT—Extra Spring	4.25	@ 4.60
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	4.10	@ 4.75
CORN—No. 2	37 1/2	@ 83
OATS—No. 2	25 1/2	@ 26 1/2
POTATOES—New per bu.	90	@ 1.50
BUTTER—Choice cream	16	@ 16 1/2
EGGS—Fresh	13	@ 13
CHEESE—Full Cream	8	@ 8 1/2
POOK—Mess.	23.00	@ 22.00
NEW YORK.		
BREASTS—Choice to Prime	4.50	@ 5.20
HOGS—No. 2 Head	4.50	@ 5.0
WHEAT—No. 2 Head	4.75	@ 5.10
CORN—No. 2	47 1/2	@ 47 1/2
OATS—White	37	@ 41 1/2
POOK—New Mess.	15.50	@ 15.75
ST. LOUIS.		
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	88	@ 88 1/2
CORN—Mixed	37	@ 37 1/2
OATS—No. 2	27	@ 27 1/2
POOK—New Mess.	15.00	@ 15.70
CINCINNATI.		
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	87	@ 87
CORN—No. 2	40 1/2	@ 41
OATS—No. 2	39 1/2	@ 40
POOK—Mess.	15.00	@ 15.00
HOGS	4.50	@ 5.00
DETROIT.		
WHEAT—No. 1 White	88 1/2	@ 88 1/2
CORN—	37	@ 37 1/2
OATS—No. 2	30	@ 30
POOK—No. 2 White	15.00	@ 15.00

A STRANGE TALE.

A St. Louis Special says:—The residence of Alexander F. Gier, No. 2606 Gamble street, is the center about which a sensation has prevailed for the last twenty-four hours. The developments are of a most remarkable character. Annie Kolchoret is a domestic employed in the family of Mr. Gier. She is about 20 years of age, large and strong, and apparently perfectly healthy. She is of comely face and figure, and has a spotless name. Last night about dusk she went to the coal-shed for the purpose of getting some kindling, and remained so long that a member of the family went out to see what detained her. She was found lying in the shed with a gag made of old rags in her mouth, insensible. Everything indicated that she had been the victim of a foul assault.

She was taken into the house and medical aid summoned. At the same time the police were called in. An examination of the premises and surroundings convinced the police that there was a mystery to be solved. When the girl regained consciousness she told a story to the effect that she was splitting kindling when a man came into the shed from the alley and struck her, and then placed the gag in her mouth. After that she remembered nothing. She was not closely questioned then, as she was suffering from a violent nervous shock that made it absolutely necessary that she should have perfect quiet. The doctors were convinced that no outrage had been committed, though her clothing was almost entirely torn from her body. The matter was kept quiet, while the police pushed their investigation as best they could, pending the girl's recovery. This morning she was much improved, and she continued to grow better until this afternoon, when her condition was such that a thorough examination was made. The girl told a most romantic story. Her home, three years ago, was in Montgomery county, Ill., where she was affianced to Henry Brokamp, a farmer, but her parents wanted her to marry another man—a horse-trader. She was true to her love, and on this account, a short time before the date set for her wedding, Brokamp's horse lover, was assassinated on June 10, 1884. The murderer was tried and convicted, and just before being hanged made a confession, stating that the rejected lover had hired him to do the killing. Annie was sick for some time after this, and when she recovered her health came to St. Louis. Shortly after coming here, she met the man whose love she had rejected, and the sight of him caused her to faint. Since the first meeting, she says, she has seen him several times, and each time she fainted. In fact, she has become subject to fainting fits, and has been haunted by visions of the man, knowing him to be responsible for the death of her lover.

After telling this story she was cross-questioned closely, and finally Police Officer King, who was making the examination, told her that every evidence was that she had not been assaulted, that the shed door was locked, and asked: "Now, don't you think that this is all imagination? Don't you think you simply had a fainting fit, and bound and gagged yourself after tearing your own clothes and scratching your own face?"

She sat quiet, evidently pondering the question, and finally replied: "It might be so. I feel strange and do strange things when I get those spasms. I have been doing strange things ever since Henry was murdered." Further investigation convinced the examiners that the alleged outrage was all delusion and that she had been her own assailant.

FIRE STRICKEN.
The Business Portion of Hurley, Wis., Burned.

A most disastrous fire prevailed at Hurley, Wis., on the 28th, destroying about half of the business portion of the town. The fire started about 10 o'clock in the morning in the rear of the market of the Gogebic Meat & Provision Company. The fire soon spread to the market and the adjoining buildings, and it was only a few minutes until the brisk wind then prevailing spread the flames to the opposite side of the street. The fire department was called out and rendered efficient service, but the fire had gained too much headway to be subdued. A number of merchandise establishments and several hotels and boarding houses were destroyed.

FEARFUL STORM IN TEXAS.
Several Lives Lost and Much Property Destroyed in Its Path.

A special from Long View, Texas, under date of June 29th, states: One of the most destructive storms ever known here occurred last night. The main portion did not strike this place, but twenty miles below here it carried death and destruction in its course. At New Prospect, a neighboring town twenty miles south of here, five men were killed outright. At Fairplay, a small hamlet, one woman and two children were killed, having taken shelter in an old house on which a very long tree fell, crushing them. In the track of this tornado nothing was left. The county is thinly settled, which accounts for the few lives lost.

EARTHQUAKE IN MEXICO.
A Violent Shock Reported from Guayaquil, but No Loss of Life Known.

A Guayaquil special of the 29th, says: The most violent earthquake experienced here since 1858 occurred at 6:20 o'clock this morning, causing great alarm among the people. The shock lasted two minutes and twenty seconds and the direction of the movement was from northeast to southwest. All the clocks in the city were stopped at the moment of the shock. A number of ceilings were shaken down and several buildings were demolished. So far as reported no one was injured. It is feared that the shock must have caused much damage in the cities in the interior.

The Fatal Red Fish of Hawaii.

One thing is most extraordinary. As the death of a high chief approaches a swarm of tiny red fish invariably come about the harbor of Honolulu or his birthplace. At no other time do they appear. During our stay in the island the three last great chiefs of the line of Kamehameha died, and each time, just before their death, did the swarm of fish come, reddening the waters till they looked like blood. Queen Emma died very suddenly, and the red fish made their appearance at Hilo, in Hawaii, where much of Queen Emma's early youth was spent.—*Scenes in Hawaii.*

William M. Everts, of New York, and Don Cameron, of Pennsylvania, have more daughters than any other Senators.

A New York man is said to be in possession of Giteau's head, which he is going to exhibit.

A VILLAGE SWEEPED BY FIRE.

Marshfield, Wis., Totally Wiped Out of Existence.

Fire almost swept out of existence the town of Marshfield, and 2,000 people are left homeless. The loss is not less than \$1,000,000. A locomotive spark started a blaze in the lumber yard of the Upham furniture factory, and it rapidly developed into a roaring fire that spread toward the town. Insufficient fire protection facilities prevented any resistance to the flames and soon several flourishing factories, the business blocks along the main street, and adjoining residences were wrapped in flames. The people gathered such household effects as they could and fled to the woods. The heat was so intense that 2,500 feet of the Wisconsin Central track, which runs through one end of the town, was bent and twisted into the most grotesque shape, on account of which travel was impeded for a whole day. Special trains from Stevens Point and Chippewa Falls conveyed fire-engines to the place, but the fire was beyond all control. But one store and a few half-burned houses remain in this flourishing town. Many people were transferred by specials to neighboring towns, and others camped on the

THE MAID OF CHAMOUNI.

She comes the dusty road down
In cap of white and homespun gown;
Her hair has caught an amber glow
The mellowing sunlight loves to throw.
Her eyes have something of the hue
Of harebells bathed by morning dew.
Hark! how she sings in guileless glee,
This little maid of Chamouni.

Down dowy pasture slopes there swells
The jangled sound of iron bells
From noisy tongues by cattle swayed
The while they crop the tender blade:
And on her hearing, low and faint,
There falls the young lamb's touching
plaint.

As on she wanders merrily,
This little maid of Chamouni.

Above the rock-girt vale she knows,
Dowered with a deathless crown of snows,
Mont Blanc aspire—a king whose sway
Will last till mountains fade decay.
In icy flashes of white
The glaciers flash the golden light;
Small thought to snowy peaks gives she,
This little maid of Chamouni.

Since first she oped those sunny eyes
She has beheld these monarchs rise
In mighty majesty of power
Through winter storm and summer shower.
This is her world; what lies afar
To her is distant as a star.
She has no care for days to be,
This little maid of Chamouni.
—[Clinton Scollard in Wide Awake.

FELICIA.

CHAPTER I.

THE IMPULSE OF THE MOMENT.

"I say, Jasper," exclaimed Tristram Paggett to his friend Middleton, as the hansom in which they were seated stopped suddenly at the entrance of the Easton Railway Station, "what a crowd there is round that cab! Something has happened—an accident—perhaps."

Jasper Middleton, a tall, dark, gentlemanly looking young fellow, some-where about five-and-twenty years of age, pitched away the end of his cigar, and gave a languid, indifferent glance in the direction pointed out by his friend.

"Some horrid row, I suppose," he replied, with an uninterested air, "for I can see a bonnet moving about; and when a woman is in the middle of a crowd you may bet there is a row."

"Yes, sir," said a porter, touching his cap with particular servility, for he knew by the general appearance of the two "swells" that he should be "tipped" liberally for any extra attention. "There is a row on, and there's a woman in the midst of it. Any luggage, sir?"

"No; my man ought to be here with it already," answered Jasper, as he paid the fare. "How soon will the Scotch express start?"

"In seven minutes, sir."

"Then come on, Tristram; we've only just time. Never mind what the matter. It will be far better not to mix yourself up in it."

"Common case, sir," interposed the porter. "Often happens. Woman's come here in a 'growler,' and then says she's got no money, and can't pay her fare, and that always makes the cabbies particular wild."

"Don't be in a hurry," said Tristram; "we can spare a minute or two, and I feel a little curiosity to know more about the affair."

As he spoke he took hold of his companion's arm and dragged him into the throng.

The cabman was standing on the pavement, gesticulating like a Frenchman. In his rage he had flung his cap on the ground and jumped on it; and he now gave expression to his opinions with great volubility and vigor.

"Now, mem," he cried, "I leave it to you. I lark you to make your mind up—pay me my blessed fare without any more gammon, or get into the blessed cab again, and I drives you to the nearest police-station; you takes your chice, mem, out of them ere—I leaves it to you! I only ask which are you going to do?"

The person to whom these wrathful and sarcastic observations were addressed had her back turned to Tristram and his friend. She was very plainly dressed in black, but her figure was tall and graceful, and she had undoubtedly a ladylike and well-bred air.

To the cabman's remarks, however, she could not or would not reply. Her handkerchief was held to her face, and she was sobbing violently.

At this juncture the inspector inter-fered.

"Now, miss," he said, firmly and respectfully, "we can't have this going on here any longer, you know! Whether you have been so unfortunate as to lose your purse or to have it stolen, as you say you have—or whether you have made a deliberate attempt to swindle the cabman out of his fare, as he says you have—can't be settled here. The only thing you can do is to get into the cab and go before the nearest magistrate."

"That's just the size of it!" cried the cabman. "Now, mem, if you please," he added, holding open the cab door, and speaking with such mock humility that the bystanders burst into a roar of laughter. "Now, mem, oblige me by getting into the cab, mem, if you please!"

But the young girl—for, from her manner, Tristram could tell she was nothing more—made no reply—made no attempt to move, but stood wringing her hands as if distracted with grief.

"Oh! hang it!" cried Jasper, "this is no business of ours. Come along, or you will be too late. It's a 'do,' no doubt, and I dare say she knows how to get out of her scrape; anyhow, I'm off, for I don't intend to lose the train through mixing myself up in a row!"

While speaking he shook himself free from his companion's grasp, and hurried toward the booking-office. At the same moment Tristram placed himself beside the slim black figure.

But as Jasper spoke the young girl started violently, and turned around—whether from annoyance at the words uttered, or because she recognized the voice, it was impossible to say. She did turn, however, and while doing so flung aside the thick black veil which had hitherto concealed her features.

A strange thrill quivered through every fiber of his body, as Tristram gazed into the lovely countenance now brought to view. Pale as it was, swelled as her eyes were with hysterical weeping, it was evident that she possessed more than an ordinary share of beauty, as was manifested by the murmur of admiration which arose.

Her glance fell upon Tristram—an

appealing glance, which he was power-lessly to withstand.

"I beg pardon," he said, as he raised his hat. "I hope the circumstances justify me, a stranger, in addressing you. I understand you have wet with some misfortune?"

"Oh! thank you, sir," she said, her voice almost inaudible from sobs. "What shall I do? I have either lost my purse or it has been stolen from me. I left Paris last night, and it is most important that I should not miss the next Northern express. What shall I do?"

Her grief was so great—so unmis-takably genuine, Tristram thought—that he no longer hesitated as to the course he should pursue.

"I shall be only too happy to be of service to you," he replied, courteously.

Then, turning to the cabman, he added: "Come, my friend, I will undertake to settle your claim. How much is your fare?"

"My fare," said the cabman, "from Victoria here is two shillings, and I expect something for having been kept waiting all this time."

"Here, that will pay all in full. Be off!"

The cabman stared, and picked up his hat.

"Now, miss," said Tristram, "will you be kind enough to take my arm? Thank you very much! Allow me. This way."

The crowd divided, and he directed his steps toward the booking-office.

His companion lunged heavily upon his arm, and trembled violently. She tried to thank her deliverer, but not a word could pass her lips.

The loud ringing of a bell now came upon their ears, and a stentorian voice cried:

"Any more for the express—any more for the express! Look alive, sir, if you are going on!"

"Calm yourself," said Tristram to his companion. "You said, I think, that it was important that you should catch the express?"

"Yes—yes! Oh! yes. And I am penniless!"

"But you did not mention your desti-nation," continued Tristram, unheeding her remarks. "Quick—quick! Tell me at once where you wish to go, or it will be too late!"

"Crewe," she gasped; but—

"Tristram waited to hear no more, but, disengaging himself, hurried across to the booking-window, the shutter of which the clerk was in the act of draw-ing down.

"One first, Crewe!" he cried. "How much?"

"Single, sir?"

"Yes."

"Twenty-two and fourpence."

Tristram seized the ticket, and un-heeding the calls of the clerk, who bawled after him that he had forgot-ten his change, rejoined the young girl he was so generously befriending.

"Come!" he cried, in a tone of com-mand. "There is not a moment to lose!"

And as he spoke he hurried the bel-widdered and only half-conscious girl out of the booking-office across the platform.

"Now, sir, where for?" cried the guard, who was just about to put the whistle to his lips.

"Crewe—Crewe!"

And still confused, and seemingly only partially aware of what was tak-ing place, the young girl found herself almost lifted into a carriage. She sank back on her seat, the door slammed, and the next thing she knew was that the train was gliding rapidly out of the station.

Her heart was full of gratitude and thankfulness, and she looked up, ex-pecting to see the stranger who had rendered her so signal a service. But, to her surprise, she found herself the sole occupant of the compartment.

"How can I thank him?" she thought. "Shall I ever see him again, I wonder?" And then a cold shiver came over her as she said:

"What, oh! what would have be-come of me but for his generous help? And then, that other voice. Could I have been mistaken? No—no. Im-pos-sible."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Didn't Ask Her Right.

Mr. Burdette insists that he over-heard a woman lecturing her husband as follows on board a train: "Now I'll tell you why I wouldn't go into the restaurant and have a cup of cof-fee with you while we were waiting for the train. I didn't like the way you asked me. I kept quiet. I have the floor. Not half an hour before you said to Mr. Puffer: 'Come, let's get a cigar,' and away you went, hold-ing your arm and not giving him a chance to decline. When we met John O'Howdy on our way to luncheon you said: 'Just in time, John; come take lunch with us.' And then to-night, when we found the train an hour late, you looked at your watch, turned to me, and said in a questioning way: 'Would you like a cup of coffee?' And I did want it; I was tired and a little hungry, but I would have fainting fits before I would have accepted such an invitation. And you went away a lit-tle bit vexed with me and had your coffee and bread and butter by your-self and didn't enjoy it very much. In effect you said to me: 'If you want a cup of coffee, if you really want it, I will buy it for you.' You are the best husband in the world, but do as nearly all the best husbands do. Why do you men seem to dole things out to your wives when you fairly throw them to the men you know? Why don't you invite me heartily as you in-vite the men? Why didn't you say, 'Come, let's get a little coffee and something,' and take me right along with you? You wouldn't say to a man, 'Would you like me to go and buy you a cigar?' Then why do you always issue your little invitations to treats in that way to me? Indeed, indeed, my dear husband, if men would only act toward their wives as heart-ily, cordially, frankly, as they do to-ward the men whom they meet, they would find cheerier companions at home than they could at the club."

James R. Keene, who was once on the wrong side of a Chicago wheat concern, is reported to have been on the right side of the late one, and took \$150,000 out of it.

The remains of the sculptor Joel T. Hart, which were brought home from Italy two years ago, were finally in-terred at Frankfort, Ky.

THE YOUNG FOLKS.

A Good Story—Boy Reporter—The Little Maid of Chamouni—The Children, Etc.

Story of a Kentucky Boy.

When the war for the Union ended, G. D. Worley was a boy on his mother's farm near Allen's Springs, Ky. Young as he was he could plainly see and realize the lamentable condition in which the war had left his home. He was, therefore, constantly haunted by the idea that he could work wonders toward retrieving their losses by freeing of slaves, etc., if he was turned loose in the world. So thoroughly was he imbued with this idea that one day he quietly stole away, and started he knew not where. After a short tramp he found himself in Bowling Green, Ky., but, finding nothing he could do, he drifted down into Mexico, believing firmly that there his fortune awaited him.

But while here he did not forget his old Kentucky home and the dear ones he had left behind. He wrote home explaining why he had left, and that he hoped soon to return, bountifully blessed with a sufficiency of this world's goods, that his mother, brother, and sister might be well cared for, but the letter never reached its destination.

Young Worley worked on, practis-ing rigid economy, for he had built many air castles about how he in-tended dividing his wealth when he returned home.

Some time had elapsed, his mother had never answered his letter, and he concluded he would write again. The second letter, though, like the first, was mislaid, and never reached the heartbroken mother of young Worley. She believed firmly that her boy had been foully dealt with, and so strong was circumstantial evidence that the terrible deed was laid at the door of a neighbor, but not having sufficient evidence to convict him he was never brought before the courts.

Worley could hear nothing from his mother, and believed beyond doubt that she was dead. He therefore lost all his former pride about returning home with much wealth and asking his mother's forgiveness, and at the first opportunity presenting itself he joined the United States army and went west, when he remained for five years. Returning after that time, he went to St. Louis and embarked in the railroad business. Here he fell hope-lessly, helplessly, and recklessly in love with a rare and radiant little blonde, and worked and won her. He continued his work in this line until he became very proficient in his busi-ness—so much so, in fact, that his services were sought after by several railroad corporations. He, however, accepted the position of general super-intendent of the Hot Springs and Mal-vern Railroad company, which position he holds at present.

The other Sunday night the names of G. D. Worley, wife, and son were registered at the Morehead house in this city. It was the same G. D. Worley that passed through this city twenty-two years ago, a barefooted boy of 17 or 18 years of age. He is now a fine-looking man, was handsomely dressed, and his wife and son, who is now 13 years of age, looked the per-fect picture of health and happiness.

He was carrying them with him back to the home of his youth, explaining to them how his dear old mother formerly looked and acted in her life-time. It was his intention, he said, to buy the old homestead and keep it as a memento of departed ones. They approached the scene; how changed it appeared to Worley, as he viewed here and there a few familiar spots. He dismounted and knocked at the door of the house in which he had left his aged mother nearly a quarter of a century since, wondering the while what strange face would soon confront him. Imagine his surprise, his un-bounded happiness, as the tottering form of the mother he had believed to be dead for these many years stood before him! The scene that followed is easier imagined than described. They embraced and wept for a time. Then the wife and son were introduced; the story of his departure and adven-tures for the past twenty-two years was told; the fatted calf was killed and a feast was soon prepared; neigh-bors from far and near were invited to it—among them was the man who had been suspected of the murder of young Worley many years since, and who, up to that time, had not been allowed under the roof of the aged Mrs. Worley.

The happiness that was witnessed on this occasion was truly remarkable. Mr. Worley is spending a week or two here, preparatory to returning to his home. His mother will accompany him on his return and spend her last days on earth with him whom she says "once was lost but now is found."

Bowling Green, Ky., Times.

Story of a Diamond.

It seems that fairies are still to be met with in Ireland, if we may credit the story which Mr. Doyle tells of his friend, Mrs. Brooke. The family lived on the banks of Lough Erne, where pearls of more or less value are found, as they are at places in England. Mrs. Brooke took to collecting these pearls, and children in the neighboring vil-lages got into the habit of bringing her any that were picked up, receiving in return a shilling or two for the find.

One day a little girl arrived from a greater distance than usual, offering not a pearl but a pebble. Mrs. Brooke, who was only seeking after pearls, de-clined to buy it. Shortly afterward the butler, a good natured man, came up and suggested she should change her mind.

"The little girl," he said, "has had a very long walk, and is crying bitterly at having to go home empty handed."

"Oh, very well," said Mrs. Brooke, "take the stone and give the child what she asks for it."

This he did. A month or two after-ward, a friend, a great traveler, who knew South America well, after ogling the pebble for some time, broke out thus: "Do you know, if I were in Brazil, I should be certain that in that bit of stone you had got hold of a real diamond."

The bit of stone was submitted to a competent jeweler in Dublin, who en-tirely confirmed this suspicion; and the Lough Erne pebble is now set in one of Mrs. Brooke's diamond rings. Un-luckily, all traces of the little girl and

her whereabouts had been lost.—*Youth's Companion.*

Bennie's New Hat.

Bennie felt very proud as he sat on the veranda that bright summer day. At last he had a hat just like papa's—a clean, white, broad-brimmed one—no baby hat about that; it was like what he wore.

Suddenly there was a great uproar from Uncle John's garden, and Bennie went out to see.

A swarm of Uncle John's bees were going away and they were beating on old pans and kettles, thinking to cause them to alight. They were coming right over where Bennie was standing—a great black cloud of them.

Bennie thought he would do some-thing, too. He did not have any old pan, but there was the force-pump and tub of water with which papa had been sprinkling the garden. He had heard that a shower would cause them to alight, and that wide sprinkler would make a shower.

He seized the hose and pointed it directly at the black cloud of bees; the bees thought a shower was coming and they came down.

There being no bushes near at hand, they took the first place they could find to light on, and that was on Ben-nie's new hat.

And Bennie's new hat was on Ben-nie's own little head at the time—that made it worse still. Luckily, Bennie was too frightened to stir, and the swarm was a small one.

"Don't move, Bennie! stand still, for your life!" shouted Uncle John; and Bennie stood as if he was a block of wood, he hardly dared to breathe.

As soon as the bees settled fairly, papa took Bennie's hat from his head and shook the bees off into a hive which Uncle John brought from the shed.

Uncle John said Bennie had saved the bees, so he gave them to him, and they made lots of cones for him; but his beautiful new hat was ruined forever.

The Girl and Her Cash-Book.

In a burst of obviously misplaced confidence a young lady just returned from college yesterday confided to the tourist one of the awful secrets of her sex—the true inwardness of the femi-nine account-book. "You see," she said, "I can't always remember exactly what I spend all my money for, so I just put down all the items I can re-mem-ber and then charge the deficit to postage-stamps. Mamma often won-ders what I can possibly do with all the stamps I buy, for she knows I haven't such a dreadful list of corre-spondents. Of course," she went on, with a truly inexplicable look of con-scious prevarication, "I don't write to anybody mamma doesn't know about."

"Of course," assented the tourist. "And you see," continued the fair Vassarite, "when she looks over my accounts and sees 25 cents charged for missionary fund, 10 cents for lead pencils, 50 cents for caramels, and two dollars for postage-stamps, she thinks it's kind of funny." "Quite ludicrous, no doubt," echoed the tourist.—*Albany Journal.*

A Pleasant Way to Begin.

Some little time ago a young lady who had been teaching a class of half grown girls in the Sunday-school of Dr. B—'s church, Brooklyn, was called away from the city, rendering it necessary to fill her place. The superintendent decided to request one of the young gentlemen of the con-gregation to take the class. It so hap-pened that the young man upon whom fell the superintendent's choice was exceedingly bashful. The two gentle-men appeared upon the little platform, and the superintendent began: "Young ladies, I wish to introduce to you Mr. C— who will in future be your teacher. I would like to have you tell him what your former teacher did, so that he can go right on in the same way." Immediately a demure miss of 14 years arose and said: "The first thing our teacher always did was to kiss us all around."

A Lesson in Culture.

"Now mind what I tell you," said old Mrs. Daggett to her daughter, Alvira, who was about to make her debut into society while visiting friends in the city. "You do just as I tell you, Alvira, and you'll make no mistakes. In the first place, don't eat potatoes, nor turnips, nor anything of that kind with your knife; use a spoon; and don't sop your bread in the dig gravy on the meat platter, as we prim, old fashioned folks do here at home; take some gravy on your plate and sop it there; and don't put your coffee into your sasser, no matter how hot it is; blow it off cool whilst it's in the cup; and don't ask for pie for pie in the city, and I know what's what when it comes to me manners. You mind me and you'll make no bad breaks.—*Tid-Bits.*

Where the Girls are Ahead.

Our Waterville special reintrenches us in the conviction that women are not an inferior sex. Five young women of the junior class at Colby University have had the hardihood to walk off with five junior parts honors, winning rank in scholarship reported to be very unusual in any class. We know of but no remedy for a state of things which is quite humiliating to young men, without losing a whit of zeal in manly sports, with the same zeal court scholarship and letters. Then if the young men students fail to carry off the honors perhaps they can court the scholarly girls and pos-sibly win.—*Leviston (Me.) Journal.*

To Would-Be Graduates.

Advice to young ladies about to graduate: Be just as sweet as you can. The man who doesn't like to look upon a sweet girl graduate is a villain—or married. Tie your essay with a blue ribbon, and be practical in the choice of a subject. We suggest "The Coming Man." Advice to young men about to graduate: Don't mind the newspapers. Whoop it up for all you're worth on the commencement stage about "The Scholar in Politics," "The Ideal Republic," and "The Political Destiny of Patagonia." About five years from now read your oration over to yourself slowly.—*Buffalo Ex-press.*

COLORADO REMINISCENCE.

We had laid up that night on the Platte River. Mr. Colby, the Sheriff of Arapahoe County, had come down to Chuff's ranch in search of jurors, and, seeing a party of Eastern tourists camp-ing near by, had walked over to make our acquaintance. He was so fresh and breezy, and, withal, so genial and gen-erally, he had such an air of being master of the situation and himself that we were all of us glad when he accept-ed our commissary's invitation to re-main and sup with us.

After tea we gaily assembled around the roaring camp fire, and for awhile wit and laughter winged the happy time. But, as the twilight deepened, the gusty talk blew over, silence fell up-on us with the night. Our shepherd, for once unmindful of the tender lambs he had led forth into the wilderness, was sitting astride a wagon tongue, pensively greasing his boots. The com-missary had folded the map of Colorado, and, dumb as a door nail, had slid him-self down from the bumpy log, on which he had been for some time a restless sufferer. Even Philadel, the soul and genius of our party, had, for a season, turned the key upon wit and song. Gracefully throned on her hand-trunk, she watched, in silence, the bright and happy sparks that danced a carminole as they rose, light-footed from the or-ange flames. All was quiet upon the Platte; the tongues of the wagons were no more silent than ours.

The Sheriff of Arapahoe was the first to break the spell. "I started in to tell you," he said, "the true story of Jim while we were at supper, but I struck a snag in the shape of a flapjack and didn't get on with it."

"It's not too late for it yet," said the commissary.

"Well," continued Mr. Colby, "twenty years ago I was stopping at Hard-up, Cal., trying to dig my fortune out of a mine there. In the town was a one-horse lawyer named Smith John-son, who was about the biggest sort in all the diggin's round. And Smith had a son named Jim—a red-haired, freckled, face little 10-year old scamp who was the terror of all the bean roots and gar-dens in the town. The way I won Jim's heart was this: I had a water melon patch that was, if you'll forgive the figure, the apple of my eye. One even-ing I walked forth my garden for to view and what should I see in the mid-dle of it but that skeezy, Jim, letting into one of my water melons as lively as a mole. Up I came in the rear and gathered up Jim by the waist-band, whereat, finding his little game was blocked, he commenced to wriggle and howl.

"Let me go," said he. "I won't come here no more. Please let me go, Mr. Colby."

"Oh, you young scamp," said I. "I've got you now and I think I'll keep you. I find it's very safe to punish these bad boys that are so ready to be good when they're caught. Do you know what I'm going to do with you?"

"I'm giving him a final shake and setting him up on his pins. I'm going to send you to jail."

"Oh, please, Mr. Colby, give me a whippin' an' let me go."

"No, I haven't any right to whip you, but I'm obliged by the law to send you to jail, and I can tell you a jail is an awful place. There's rats there!"

"Oh-o," groaned Jim.

"And sometimes in the night, they gnaw off your toes."

"Please, Mr. Colby," whined Jim.

"And your nose," said I, "and you have to go to bed without any candle, and you can't play poker, and they do say that the ghosts of the people that were there before and got hung for stealing watermelons, come back at midnight and make a dreadful noise. Oh, I can tell you it's no fun to go to jail."

"Well, after I had chaffed the little scamp long enough, I gave him a sermon on the moral law and let him go with nothing worse than fright but, after that, strange to say, Jim and I were chock by jowl."

"Some time after the watermelon fracas," continued Mr. Colby, "I was going up the gulch to Shooptown when I saw, on the side of the hill, the tracks of the Vigilance Committee. They were three road agents that had been tried and hung the day before and left suspended from the branch of a tree to strike terror into the hearts of evil doers. Well, there was a mob of boys round this monument of jus-tice and they were diverting themselves with running down hill and swinging the luckless road agents to the breeze. Jim was just receiving the cheers of the crowd for sending his man up to the branches, where he had lodged a minute before he came down, when he spied me in the road and came to meet me."

"Yer see, Mr. Colby," he began, in a rather deprecatory voice, "I didn't see no use in them three loafin' on that branch without bein' any use to themselves nor nobody else so I just sot them up in business. And now I've come down to ask whether you've saw an old whiskey barrel on legs about here."

"A whiskey barrel?" said I. Why no, Jim, what do you mean?"

"Oh, I mean the old one of course. He's getting most uncommon bad lately."

"Jim," said I, did you never hear about honoring your father?"

"Honor that old sardine! He! He! Really an' actually now that's a good un." You'd have sommersetted over yer skin to have seen that old coon last night. I come home, goin' on to 11' when he heered somethin' ratlin' round an' he riz up and when he seen me leg out and one leg in, he says, says he, 'Jim, whar've you been?' un' I says, says I, 'I've been down to the Silver Tooth.'

"Then," says he, 'an what' was you doin' there?'"

"I was playin' a little game of poker," says I.

"Did you make anythin', Jim," says he.

"Yes, sir," says I, "I won \$13."

"Then there come a big thaw in his voice an' he says, says he (meltin' like), 'James Madison, my son, take that five years from now read your oration over to yourself slowly.—*Buffalo Ex-press.*

and git me a gallon of first-class ben-zine," says he.

"But I lost it all again, father," says I.

"Well, sir, he rared up in bed, an' says he, 'You little scamp, of I catch you round to the Silver Tooth agin I'll take the hide an' hair off yer. Hain't you got nothin' better to do than to spend your old father's last red-gam-blin' an' disgracin' of yer family?' says he, bustin' out cryin' like as though he'd jest buried his demijohn."

At this point in his narrative Mr. Colby paused. "The sequel," cried Philadel. "Let's hear how Jim wound up."

"I left Hard-up," resumed Mr. Colby, "about two years after I first met Jim. Three years later I happened to be in Virginia City, and one day while there, as I was coming out of the bar-ber's shop, who should walk up but Jim himself. 'Why, Jim,' said I, 'where'd you come from? and where'd you get all those good clothes?'"

"Them clothes," said Jim, "why I did

Joe Sanders.